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1911
SENIOR NUMBER
CANTON
HIGH SCHOOL
MONTHLY
JUNE 1911

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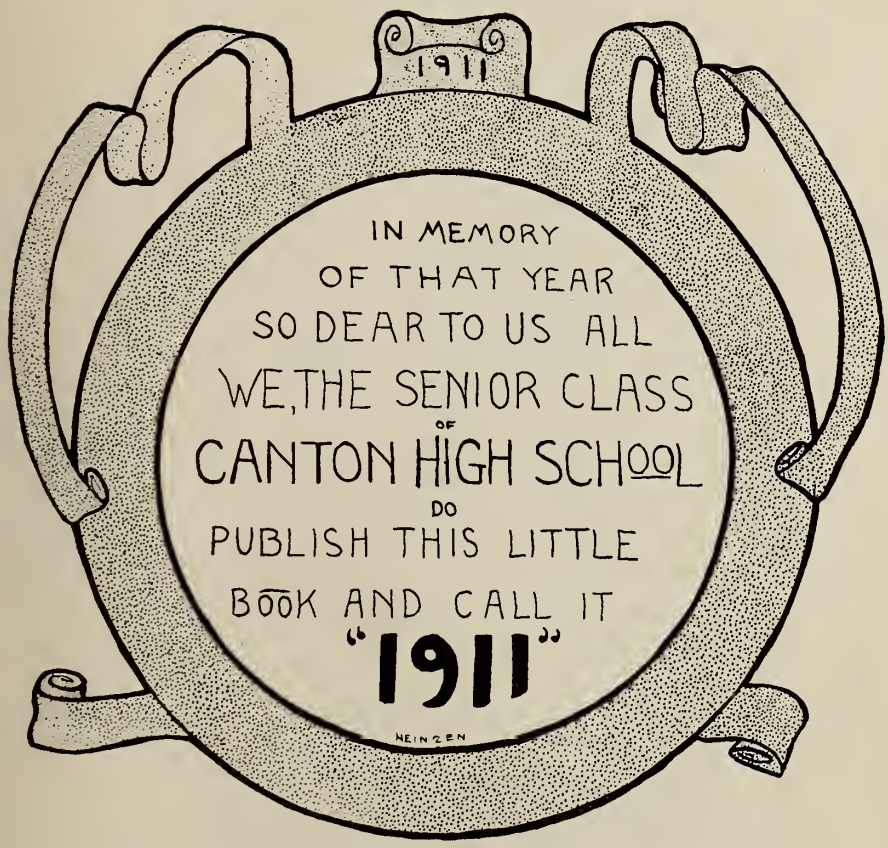


Charles A. Armstrong

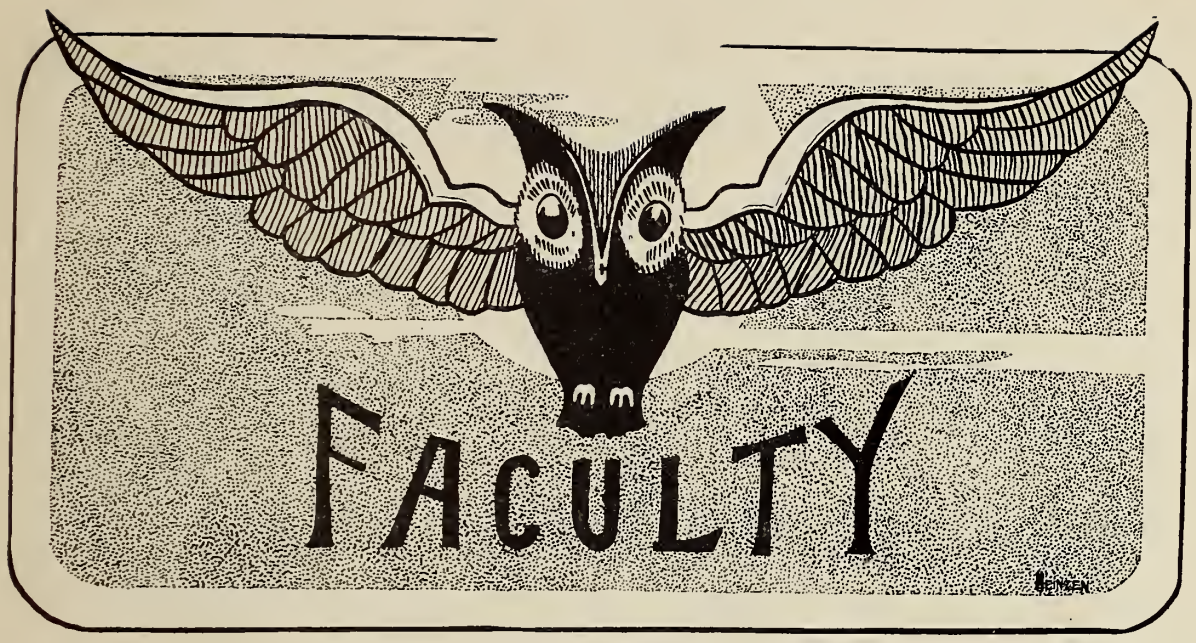
He dwelt among us, and we learned to love him.

To his memory we dedicate our book.

Four years ago, on a blank page,
Each wrote the dedication for
The volume of his high school life;
Inscribed on each succeeding page
A tale of vital interest.
Diverse the subjects written there;
Of high ideals nobly dreamed,
Firm friendships, tried, enduring true,
Quaint strivings, strange and curious,
Ambitions for the athlete's crown
Or for the student's laurel wreath;
And e'en the fusser's tale of woe,
Each, an interpretation found.
Time, day by day, sped swiftly by,
Each seeing some new project formed
Or old one to completion carried:
An active, over-flowing life.
That filled each moment and each thought—
That round our hearts bound strong the ties
That never will entirely part.

JOHN K. BAXTER,
Superintendent Canton Public Schools

FRANK M. SHELTON,
Principal Canton High School



LURA CORRELL
Algebra, Science.

MARY GOULD
English, History.

CORA HAMILTON
English, Algebra.

RUTH LEHMILLER
Latin Science.

JOHN F. KOEHLER
Latin, Science.

MARY E. MESNAR
English, Algebra.

JEANNETTE HAYS
English, Mathematics, Science.

FLORA SCHNEIDER
German, English, Algebra

CORDA CLEMENT
Latin, Science.

LOIS ELLETT,
Algebra, English

ANNA SEESHOLTZ
English, History.

CLARA SCHNEIDER
German.

NELLIE E. LUTZ
Latin.

IRIS HAVERSTACK
English, History.

HOMER D. RANKIN
English, Geometry.

JAMES A. SILVER
Geometry, Trigonometry.

ETHA LIND
Latin, History.

EARL B. CRANSTON
Science, Geometry.

ROWENA RAYMAN
English, History.

CARL MEYER
Physics, Chemistry.

BELLE ROWLEN
Zoology, Botany.

AMELIA SCHOENINGER
Latin, German.

L. A. SIGRIST
Civics, History, Geometry.

M. G. MARSHALL
Accounting.

HELEN BACHTEL
Stenography.

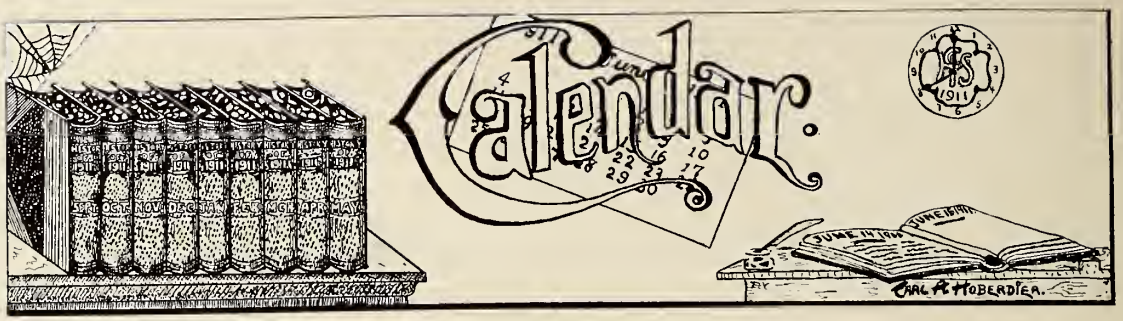
JOHN L. POTTORF
Chemistry, History, Civics.

HARRY F. HAZLETT
Geometry.

HENRY M. SHUTT
English.

WILHELMINE DEISSLE
English, Expression.

WILLIAM F. GILMORE
Drawing.



I. September 5—October 15.

Sept. 5—School opens.
Sept. 23—Lecture by F. B. Pearson of O. S. U.
Oct. 1—Opening of Football Season. Alliance High at Canton.
Oct. 7—First Senior Dance.
Oct. 8—Barberton High at Barberton.
Oct. 10-14—Tests.
Oct. 15—New Philadelphia High at Canton.

II. October 17—November 26.

Oct. 17—Lecture by Preston.
Oct. 20—Senior Moonlight Picnic.
Oct. 21—Mr. Ruff leaves to take up practice of law.
Oct. 22—Kent High at Kent.
Oct. 24—Opening of North High.
Oct. 29—Minerva High at Canton.
Nov. 4—Senior Masquerade.
Nov. 12—Rayen High at Canton.
Nov. 19—Akron High at Akron.
Nov. 21-23—Tests.
Nov. 24-25—Thanksgiving Vacation.

III. November 28—January 28.

Nov. 30—Organization of Girls' Glee Club.
Dec. 19—Jan. 3—Christmas Vacation.
Jan. 5—Organization of Boys' Glee Club.
Jan. 13—Basketball Season opens. Pittsburg High at Pittsburg.
Jan. 20—Pittsburg High at Canton.
Jan. 25-27—Examinations.
Jan. 27—Akron High at Akron.

IV. January 30—March 10.

Feb. 1—Organization of Shakespeare Club.
Feb. 3—Alliance High at Canton.
Feb. 8—Senior Class organizes.
Feb. 10—Oberlin Academy at Oberlin.
Feb. 17—Shaw High at Canton.
Feb. 24—Alliance High at Alliance.
Mch. 6-10—Tests.

V. March 13—April 29.

Mch. 15—Orchestra Concert.
Mch. 22-29—Class Elections.
Apr. 5-10—Spring Vacation.
Apr. 26-28—Tests.
Apr. 28—Orville High at Orville.

VI. May 1—June 14.

May 1—Mr. Shelton assumes position as Principal.
May 5—Senior Debate.
May 6—University School at Cleveland.
May 13—Warren High at Canton.
May 20—Rayen High at Youngstown.
May 26—Field Meet.
May 27—New Philadelphia High at New Philadelphia.
June 3—Akron High at Akron.
June 5-7—Examinations.
June 9—Class Play.
June 10—Akron High at Canton.
June 12—Senior Picnic.
June 14—Commencement.

Senior...

Seniors, 1911

LEROY BINNS .....President
OLIVE COLE .....Vice President
MARIE FIGLEY .....Secretary
MAE BROWN .....Treasurer

Executive Committee

RUTH BREAM HELEN SPILKER MILLARD HAMAKER

Class Colors—Black and Gold

Nineteen Eleven, Nineteen Eleven!
Four years after Nineteen Seven.
Did we get there? Well, I guess!
Seniors, Seniors, C. H. S.!

Yes, we had passed that initiative period of High School life where tears were the soothing ointment for a troubled heart; we had banished that sophomoric impression that the ideal man was one who dressed foppishly, entertained lady friends lavishly, flunked regularly, smoked cigarets conventionally, shot pool recklessly, ignored clamoring newsboys carelessly, ridiculed street-car conductors knowingly, and cussed town officials eloquently; we had awakened from that peaceful sleep, full of sweet dreams but void of accomplishments, characteristic of the Junior; we became Seniors.

Trained with a broad and liberal education, we soon realized the follies of our younger days. On the wings of thought and contemplation we were carried high and placed on the pinnacle of discretion. From there, now, we look down upon the field of life. Here, side by side, lie a meadow filled with life's beauties and pleasures and a dense forest, darkened with its toils and hardships. The meadow terminates in an infinite expanse of beautiful garden abounding in the joys of eternity, but the edge of the forest precipitates into a bottomless chasm of destruction. As we view it all, we read its lesson; we make a resolution:

No, we will not waste the buoyancy of those first few years of our lives by the careless expenditure of talents and opportunities to encounter in the infirmity of old age a dense thicket of trials and sorrows through which with difficulty we struggled only to meet the grave. Rather, armed with the spirit of youth, and the strength of early manhood, we will meet first that forest of disappointments and trials, and, having successfully battled through it all, live out the rest of our years in that peaceful meadow filled with earth's gladness and beauty, out of which we may one day step into the garden of perpetual joys.

The Class of 1911, has done very little that is noteworthy in the history of our school. Conditions must be favorable for grandstand plays. One thing, however, has made her famous—the development of an indomitable spirit. Struggling against mighty odds in almost every phase of her life, she has managed ever to keep her head above water, and though, as has been said, nothing spectacular has been accomplished, a class of greater credit to a school would be little short of an impossibility.

Katherine Adler

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
All the boys think she is interesting.

Charles Amendt

"Chicken."
Class Poet.
Honors in Debate.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Shakespeare Club.
Rooters' Band.
Orchestra.
A smiling fellow with a (cultured) voice.

Margaret Ake

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A witty girl with a pleasing smile.

Leroy Binns

"Jack."
President of the Senior Class.
Senior Boys' Outing Club—Ex. Com.
Monthly Staff—Associate.
He is everything that a president can be to his people.

Edith Alper

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Shakespeare Club.
Monthly Staff—Associate.
Commencement Quartette.
Sure! You'll make a good school teacher.

Lewis Bonar

"Louie."
Football, '09, '10.
Baseball, '10.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
A good old sport with not enough love for the simple life.

Helen Ball

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
In appearance and in her ways she is precisely neat.

Bernice Beardsley

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Even Mr. Shutt admires her peaceful attitude.

Stanley Bowman

Football, '09, '10. Mgr., '10.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
He became a man of affairs after obtaining his "C."

Esther Bederman

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
The "Harrison Fisher Girl."

Ernest Chmelitzki

"Prof."
Class Book Staff—Associate.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Shakespeare Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
An animated combination of encyclopedia, dictionary and general reference books.

Ruth Bream

Class Executive Committee.
Let us thank her for her slow deliberation in our class affairs.

Paul Davis

"Skinny."
Baseball, '10, '11.
Basketball, '11.
Track, '10, '11.
Class Play.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.—Ex. Com.
Class Social Committee.
He had a spirit that made him accomplish things.

Katherine Broda

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
The millinery shows up most effectively on such a model.

Hazel Brown

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Such a majestic voice!

Harold Ellis

"Fat."
Monthly Staff—Associate.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Learn to appreciate him and you'll be laughing all the time.

Mae Brown

Treasurer of the Senior Class.
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
We would trust her with anything.

Howard Ewart

"Howdy."
Football.
Basketball.
Track, '10, '11.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
He struggled so hard to pass in German.

Jessie Burgham

Class Book Staff—Associate.
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
We are glad she came to Canton High to graduate.

Harrison Fisher

Track, '10, '11.
Senior Boys' Outing Club—Ex. Com.
Baseball 2nd Team, Mgr.
He seemed fascinated by the giggle of a dignified Senior girl.

Florence Clay

Shakespeare Club.
Quiet, pensive, modest, yet withal pleasant.

Olive Cole

Vice-president of Senior Class.
Senior Girls' Glee Club—Ex. Com.
Thine auborn hair
Makes thee still more fair.

Paul Gauchat

"Duckey."
Senior Boys' Outing Club—Secretary.
Class Book—Circulation Mgr.
Monthly Staff—Business Mgr.
Basketball—Mgr.
"And yet he was ambitious. Wake up!

Eva Cooper

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A winsome maid with eyes of blue.

Ralph Green

"Greenie."
Orchestra—Director.
Rooters' Band—Director.
Senior Boys' Glee Club—Ex. Com.
Commencement Soloist.
The "big noise" in the musical line.

Florence Cooper

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Shakespeare Club.
She needs no introduction to the public.

Russell Hagy

Massillon.
Senior Boys Outing Club.
A good student, yet a good fellow.

Mildred Culbertson

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
An earnest, willing worker.
So sensitive about demerits.

Millard Hamaker
"Mil."
Class Executive Committee.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
A friend through thick and thin. (Ruth is on the staff.)

Viola Culp
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
She tried silence and found it golden.

Robert Hartman
"Bob."
Monthly—Editor-in-chief.
Class humorist.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
A thinker.
You must know him to appreciate him.

Marion Denzler
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Shakespeare Club.
She keeps the populace at C. H. S. posted on the latest.

Clair Heilman
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
He was fair to look upon.

Katherine Elson
Magnolia, O.
Orchestra.
We would like awfully well to become acquainted.

John Wenrick
Class Play.
Track.
Tennis—Business Mgr., '09, '10.
Baseball—Business Mgr., '11.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Born just to banquet and to drain the bowl.

Edna Farrell
Senior Girls Glee Club.
Curls are her delight.

Ralph Heinzen
"Rusty."
Illustrator for Monthly.
Illustrator for Class Book.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Senior Boys' Outing Club—Ex. Com.
Track.
Jester and friend of the whole school.

Ruth Feldbush
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Doing things in a way all her own.

Carl Hoberdier
"Hoby."
Class Book Staff—Illustrator.
Illustrator for Monthly.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
We are proud of the little scrimp in short "pants."

Marie Figley
Secretary of the Senior Class.
Senior Girls' Glee Club—Secretary.
Monthly Staff—Associate.
She has a way of accomplishing things without self-realization.

Hubert Hunker
"Hubby."
English Oration.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Oh, so bashful!

Leto Firestone
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Shakespeare Club.
A modest, blushing country maid.

Hazel Frey

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Illustrator for Monthly.
Will she ever stop giggling?

Ralph Jesse

Mineral City, '10.
"Jess."
Class Orator.
Senior Boys' Glee Club—President.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Shakespeare Club—Ex. Com.
The fusser from a little country town.

Vivian Gaskins

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A still small voice which teaches the lesson of simplicity.

Harry Lavin

Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Grind on and you will surely reach your goal.

Ruth Geidlinger

New Berlin, '10. Salutatorian.
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Shakespeare Club—Secretary.
An unlimited supply of knowledge she has stored away.

John Maneval

"Mutt."
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Baseball—2nd Team.
So wise is he that on his head we find a few gray hairs.

Rhea Genet

Senior Girls' Glee Club—Ex Com.
Shakespeare Club.
Class Play.
To mimic and impersonate were her delights.

Lillian Goodman

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Pleasant company for even the most demure.

Walter McFarren

"Mickey."
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
The more a hat is talked through, the shabbier it grows.

Mary Greer

Magnolia, O. Class Play.
We cannot help but like her.

Earl McKimmey

"Kimus."
Class Book Staff—Associate.
Class Play.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Track Team—Business Mgr., '09, '10.
A man of affairs

Edna Harkins

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
She has talents which she does not see fit to waste.

Harry Nusbaum

Class Debater—second honors.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
We wish we had a dollar for every time he says "Hello."

Marguerite Herbruck

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A minister's daughter.

Ruth Holl

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A new creation in the phonograph line.

Wm. Offenberger

"Bill."
Senior Boys, Outing Club.
Wearily but steadily he wends his way.

Marie Homer

Class Social Committee.
Senior Girls' Glee Club—Librarian.
Just a rainbow.

Edgar Phillips

"Sis."
Relay Team, '10, '11; Capt., '11.
Track Team, '10, '11; Capt., '10.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
He loves his love with a true love.

Anna Jones

Class Play.
Class Debater—first honors.
Shakespeare Club—Ex. Com.
And when she talked, ye gods, how she did talk!

Gustavus Phillips

"Gus."
Orchestra.
Rooters' Band.
Track, '10, '11.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
A quiet, unassuming chap, with pretty red cheeks.

Sopha Keefer

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A little bunch of fury, and delight

Esther Knappertz

Class Book Staff—Stenographer.
We are afraid we have shocked her many times.

John Price

"Jack."
Football, '09, '10.
Basketball, Capt.
Baseball.
Monthly Staff—Business Mgr.
Class Book Staff—Business Mgr.
Shakespeare Club—President.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Always doing something for C. H. S.

Grace Kreighbaum

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Content in doing well the necessary things in school life.

Joe Rippeth

"Joseph."
Football, '09, '10.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
He would rather see an Orpheum matinee than go to school.

Marie Lamborn

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
She is tall, but by no means stiff.

Phillip Rosenthal

"Phil."
Valedictorian.
Monthly—Editor-in-chief.
Class Debater.
Shakespeare Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
All studies are to him a devotion.

Lucile Lowenstein

Senior Girls Glee Club.
For her fudge and her smile, we would all run a mile.

Mary McCann

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
We need not push our words in edgewise when talking with her.

Hicks Saylor

"Herman."
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Not the student that he might be because too loquacious and interesting to the girls.

Maude Maddrell

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
In her frank, sincere manner, she appeals to the sensible.

Clifford Schnake

"Schnapps."
Basketball, '11.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
A second "Tom Longboat." ideal.

Theresa Malloy

Senior Girls' Glee Club—Ex. Com.
If she is a grind, she does not let us know it.

Corwin Schneider

Massillon.
"Sneaklioi."
Track.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Not brilliant but steady, he is nearly always ready.

Bernice Marburger

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Will she get there? Surely—the tortoise did.

Helen Marshall

Monthly Staff—Associate.
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Leisurely and in a quiet, graceful manner she moves.

Paul Seeton

"Doc."
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Few realize how intelligent he is.

Ruth Nusly

Class Book Staff—Associate.
Orchestra.
Class Social Committee.
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Shakespeare Club.
Commencement Soloist; Violin.
With difficulty she had her picture taken, a time exposure being necessary.

Guy Sheets

New Berlin, '10.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
A real American.
You enjoy his companionship.

Marie Ream

Class Essayist.
Shakespeare Club.
Studious habits are productive of good results.

Roy Sheil

Class Play.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Fastidious in dress and neat in appearance, the girls admire him.

Flossie Reemsnyder

Monthly Staff—Associate.
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A friend of dumb animals.

Katherine Reemsnyder

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A maid with rosy cheeks.

Fred Schreiner

"Fritz."
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Commencement Duette.
Orpheus himself could not have done it better.

Hilda Reese

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
She has a dry humor which we all enjoy.

Paul Shrigley

Class Play.
Orchestra.
Rooters' Band.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
We appreciate his efforts as a saxaphone soloist.

Ruth Riblet

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Studiousness characterizes her.

Forest Snyder

Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Foothall—2nd Team.
Every morning he looked over the girls and found a new ideal.

Clara Schneider

Shakespeare Club.
She has learned a way to hoth please her teachers and be agreeable to others.

Hedwig Selinski

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
She speaks all the languages, but the English—unmercifully.

Roy Snyder

New Berlin, '10.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Gad zooks! he was wondrous wise.

Golda Smith

New Berlin, O.
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Sweet sixteen and ?

William Snyder

Football, '09, '10.
Baseball.
Track, '10, '11.
Relay Team.
Class Play.
Class Social Committee.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
A model of young American manhood.

Mabel Smith

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
She says what she thinks in an amusing way.

Ralph Sterling

Track, '10, '11.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
An orator soon to become famous.
Some diplomat, too.

Hazel Snyder

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
The American girl without the frills.

Helen Spilker

Class Play.
Class Executive Committee.
Senior Girls' Glee Club—President.
Commencement Quartette.
A very quiet girl when she isn't talking.

Vernon Stover

Senior Boys Outing Club.
A prosperous diamond merchant who is quite a man.

Bessie Thomas

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
On dark days she brightens things up with her smile.

Miles Stucker

Senior Boys' Outing Club.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Commencement Duette.
A pool shark and also a gentleman in other ways.

Ethel Thomas

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Commencement Quartette.
A voice with far-reaching powers.

Percival Surbey

New Berlin, '10.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
An exponent of the simple life.

Ethel Thompson

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A girl with a predilection for demerits.

Jessie Van Horne

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Orchestra.
Class Pianist.
Commencement Soloist.
An accomplished young lady with a jovial smile.

William Tyson

"Bill."
Basketball.
Track.
Class Book—Assistant Editor.
Senior Boys' Glee Club—Vice President.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
A friend to all to whom he is a friend.

Clara Weckel

Senior Girls' Glee Club.
A little mischief-maker.

Paul Wagener

Class Book—Editor-in-chief.
Senior Boys' Glee Club.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
?

Elva Weidler

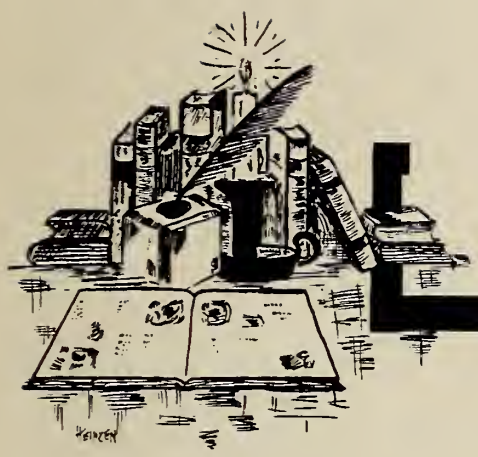
Senior Girls' Glee Club.
Her actions speak louder than her words.

Walter Warburton

New Berlin, '10.
Senior Boys' Outing Club.
The determination to win will bring him to his goal.

Helene Willis

Shakespeare Club.
Monthly Staff—Associate.
She should have been a boy.



LITERARY

Salutatory

The early morning with its crimson sky and singing birds inspired the Greeks and Romans of ancient times to originate the beautiful myth of Aurora, the goddess of the dawn. Aurora was the sister of Apollo, the Sun-god, and mother of Lucifer, the morning-star. In the Trojan war, Achilles slew her mortal son, and in the evening she went to his side to weep and lament his death. The heaven became dark with clouds and all nature mourned for the offspring of the Dawn. Aurora remains inconsolable; her tears still flow and may be seen at early morn as the dew-drops on the grass.

The poet paints Aurora as a fair virgin who wears a star on her forehead and carries a torch in her hand. Enveloped in her rich cloak of violet hue, she leaves her home before the coming of the day. She touches the mountain-tops with rose and saffron and opens the gates of heaven for the chariot of Apollo.

The Greeks and Romans were so impressed by the rosy-tinted dawn that they deified it. We do not believe in their myths—yet poets and artists have been moved by the inspiring beauty of the early day since time immemorial. Who is not revived and refreshed to behold the glories of the night dissolving themselves into the glories of the dawn? The stars go to sleep, and the scenery of the heavens is changed by unseen hands. The sky becomes a soft gray; the gray gradually turns to crimson and yellow; the sun bursts in a flood of light over the horizon and transforms the dewy tear-drops of flower and tree into rubies and diamonds.

Each person goes to his duties with happy anticipation of what the new day may bring. Even though on the previous night Despair may have seemed the master, with the rising sun, Hope is again the mistress of all God's creatures.

The winter dawn, with its keen, cold atmosphere, makes us feel that no task is too difficult for us to accomplish it; while the early summer morn delights our hearts with the beauties and wonders of field and forest and stirs our minds to nobler thoughts. On a June dawn, "All the world is making music. The brooks tinkle and the breezes whistle. The birds are singing and the frogs in the marshes pipe away bravely." What messages a June dawn has for us!

Four years ago was the auspicious dawning of a new day for the class of 1911. On that bright, glorious morning, as we entered upon our high school life, Aurora had the outlook of our coming years painted with the gayest colors of her palette. At times our tasks seemed difficult and clouds darkened our way,

but by patient effort and willing help we have finished the day that dawned for us so gaily. This high school day has been and always will seem a very great part of our lives; for, "Every day is a little life and our whole life is but a day repeated."

We now behold a new dawn more beautiful than that other one. The sun of our high school days has gone down into the West. As we turn our expectant faces to the East, Aurora draws aside the veil of mist and our future life looks radiant before us. We are a band of young people full of hope and aspirations, ready to set out on a longer journey than we have ever taken. We do not know what clouds will flit across our bright morning sky; the moon-tide may be dark with the storms and conflict of life; but, as Apollo's chariot sinks into the West, we shall watch the setting sun in peace and quiet.

We go on to meet new faces and make new friends. One face may speak of hope; another, good cheer or kindness, perhaps, even despair, yet each face will have a message for us. We also shall have something to give to these new friends and expect to share their pleasures and sorrows. The new faces will become as dear to us as the old ones have been. May they find something in us that will be worth while, may the message we bear to them be one of cheery greeting and may they be able to say that the world is better because we have lived.

This beautiful legend is told by St. Anthony: Each morning at sunrise a handful of dew floated down from heaven and fell on the Church of St. Mary. The monks walking about the convent gardens, gathered this dew, the tears of Aurora, for they had found it a sovereign remedy for all diseases.

Now the gates of Heaven are opened; Apollo is starting on his course across the firmament, and a new day has begun. With our handful of dew, the dew of Hope, which we have gathered in the garden of Youth, we go forth to greet the world.

"Then come, my friend, forget your foes and
leave your fears behind,
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful, quiet mind;
For be your future great or small, you'll take
what God may give,
And all the day your heart shall say, 'Tis
luck enough to live."

RUTH GEIDLINGER.

The Right Spirit

The right spirit should assert itself everywhere,—the right spirit which combines cheerfulness with determination and optimism with willingness; the right spirit which adjusts a man's attitude toward life and helps him to make the most of it and to be thankful his tasks are not worse. Hope and courage are embodied in it; patience and confidence are always associated with it; even temper and success are never absent from it.

The real citizen of to-day is the active man, the one who has the power to do things, the one who does not look out for himself and for himself alone, but who works willingly and faithfully for his entire community. Canton can boast of a splendid example of this citizen spirit in her Business Men's Association. This organization of progressive business men has offered helpful public suggestions, promoted new and better methods, attained excellent results and made a bigger and better Canton. During the few years of its organization it certainly has displayed the qualities of the right spirit. Its workers have been willing and determined, patient through trials, confident of success and courageously

have forged ahead. It required labor to enlist the interest and support of the city and secure recognition from the public. Surely, this is a fine example of the right spirit displayed by our own citizens.

History teaches us that organized efforts attain results. How often, indeed, is it true that man is inclined to be selfish, to work for himself alone, when unselfishness is one of the greatest exponents of the right spirit. When men unite for a cause and work without friction, their united efforts show a greater tendency towards success than any individual efforts could produce. Every great social, mental, or spiritual movement has shown us this. The American Revolution, through the concentrated efforts of a few colonial leaders and the spirit displayed by our forefathers, cost the British a victory.

We have to-day the best government among all nations and this has been brought about by the spirit of '76, our richest inheritance from our Revolutionary fathers. Party spirit, it is claimed, is largely responsible for many of our present national troubles. Still men should belong to some one party, should be aware of prevailing conditions, and strive to work for the harmony of that party. Party rule and principle, though a necessity at times, must on many occasions be laid aside for the higher principles of man. The future should be considered as well as the present. The thought that an office may be his reward often causes a man to forget what kind of a public servant he is supporting. The right spirit, however, would compel us to forget personal advancement and to take a broad view of political activities as they may affect future generations.

The Church now comes in for a great deal of credit. It is the greatest of all modern institutions. It leads men aright through its teachings of honesty, justice, kindness, and helpfulness. Here in our own city it has been taking a big step toward the moral and spiritual improvement of many who have refused to answer its call. Through the realization of strength in organization, it has brought about a union of denominations that are preparing a great revival for next year, which will make a better and cleaner Canton. This is the right spirit in religion.

We now come to a point where man must realize that although evil prevails in many quarters, the spirit of honesty, of justice—the right spirit—is far overshadowing it. For a while it may have seemed that the right spirit was idle and dormant, but now it is up and moving. Every existence has become an aim, and at the head of the mighty ranks of the nations the prevailing spirit moves. Imagination paints the picture for us, we have but to follow. We see it looming ahead, a commanding figure, clothed in the whiteness of purity, at the top of the Mountain of Life. As we look it beckons us on and upwards. Men push forward, eagerly endeavoring to reach the summit, and though there are times when they lose sight of the figure, times when bowlders loom ahead or a turn in the path causes the travelers to change their course for a while, the spirit, however, still beckons, still asserts its irresistible influence. Now the path changes, abruptly it leads men downward and away from the crest; now the detour becomes puzzling, but the ranks have grown thicker and the army continues to go on. Now a cloud appears and enshrouds the figure, but suddenly the sun drives away the mist and again the powerful influence of that commanding spirit is felt and man continues to advance. Thus it is, no matter what the object may be—dignifying citizenship, political rule, or the church—the prevailing spirit is ever present to bring out the best there is in us—to beckon us on.

HERBERT E. HUNKER.

English Orator

Class Poem

Forty Years After

I saw an old man quiet sit and think;
I wondered what was passing through his brain;
At times his wrinkled face would wreathe in smiles,
Then quickly sober would it grow again.

As curious I became, I wondered much,
If I someway his thoughts discover could;
And as I stood and meditated thus,
A genius strangely beckoned from a wood.

I followed him, and thus he spake to me:
"Your wish you have, if you but will it so;
Who wears this magic cap, men's thoughts can see,
It take, and use, and read," then, "Go!"

I took the magic cap, then found the man,—
His thoughts were plainly now revealed to me;
And as I saw them on that afternoon
Just so I truly tell them now to thee.

"Yes, those were good old days in Canton High;
I love to sit and think of them once more
I wish that I could see all of the class
That graduated there in days of yore.

"We surely had a fine old class in 'double-one,'
No better's left the school before or after;
And when I think of them and their lives since,
Some things call forth a sigh, and others laughter.

"There's Binns who used to be our President,
He was an entertainer, I declare!
He used to get up walks and wagon-rides,
And every thing you'd think of that was rare.

"He always had a bold and scrappy spirit,
And always stood for what he thought was right;
I guess what made him such a lawyer, was
The way he always hankered for a fight.

"And there was old Jack Price we loved so well,
Who always was coach Hazlett's right-hand man;
In games, no matter what or where they were,
He was as true a sport as ever ran.

"In business, too, he was a shining light,
And ran the High School Monthly in fine style;
And when it came to running class-books, well,
He had all others beat at least a mile.

"There's Wagener who was editor-in-chief
Of that old classbook, nineteen double-one;
I guess he's handed down his talents all,
To the editor of this year's book, his son;

"But if his son gets out a better book
Than his old daddy did, he'll have to work;
He'll have to toil away both day and night,—
The smallest task he'll never dare to shirk.

"I believe Ruth Nusly helped to write that book,—
Yet how she did it never has been shown,
For she was such a wiry jumping-jack,
For keeping quiet she was never known.

"She's grandmother for three weeks now, I hear,
And, strange to say, the name by all preferred

By which her little grandson should be called,
Was one we often heard in school, Millard.

"I wonder where old Harold Ellis is;
I haven't heard of him for many a year.
No matter where he is, there's one thing sure,
Of his success I needn't have a fear.

"He always was a hearty stalwart lad,
With common sense for half a dozen men;
Since that's the type of men who makes things go,
He's sure to be ahead of all of them:

"At least, we were oft' told by Mr. Shutt,
That that's the type of man who does succeed;
And all I've learned in my long life since then,
Has proved to me that he was right, indeed.

"How well I do remember Mr. Shutt,
Who used to crack those jokes so old and stale;
And how we used to falsely laugh at them,
To keep on his good side so's not to fail.

"But yet he was master of his art;
As English Prof. he never had a peer;
At heart we always liked him honestly,
Tho' his demerit slips we had to fear.
"In fact, when I that faculty consider,
We really liked them every single one;
And tho' sometimes we had disputes with them,
We soon forgot them all when we were gone.

"Yet there was one dark spot I oft' recall,
With truest reverence, sincere and deep;
Ah me, that ours should be the class to lose
Our dearest friend in death's long silem sleep!

"But ours was not the only class, by far,
Which by that stroke of Fate did lose their friend;
He was a friend to all; we missed him much,
But gloried in his triumph at life's end.

"We learned to like the man who followed him;
Altho' we didn't know him very long,
We learned to know him well enough, indeed,
To know that he would never do us wrong.

"And then the end of our high school life;—
Distinctly I remember that last night,
And how Ralph Jesse, our class orator,
With eloquence did point us to the right!

"Then he who had the Valedictory
Our parting made so very sad and sweet;
The talk that Bobbie Hartman gave us, too,
Like every thing of Bob's could not be beat.

"I recollect that I was poet then!
Why, I knew more of pumpkins, wheat, and corn,
Than I did of how to write in verse!
For those were things I learned where I was born.

"Yes, I'll always remember everyone,
Who in that great commencement had a part;
The picture of the girls in sailor suits
Will ever stay with me a work of art.

"Yes, that old class of nineteen double-one
Will always stay with me a mem'ry sweet;
I loved them all, and always will do so,
And hope some day them yonder all to meet."

The old man's form relaxed, he dropped his head;
The magic cap had quickly lost its charm;
I ran to him; alas, it was too late!
The old man's spirit was beyond all harm.

CHARLES AMENDT.

"Knowledge for Service"

"No one has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him, He gives him for mankind." Those who realize this fact are continually trying to ease the hardships of the less fortunate, to free them from drudgery and ignorance, and to brighten their prospects for a grand and noble life. These are the servants of the human race in the truest and grandest sense of the word Those who do not realize the import of their gifts, either entirely ignore the needs of their fellow beings or use their power to demoralize and mislead them. These live contrary to the laws of Nature, for every object was created for service to God or man. The bee, while it gathers nectar, carries pollen from flower to flower, thus giving us blossoms and fruit. Even the bee accomplishes a worthy purpose in life. Then, how grandly should man, who is endowed with all the natural gifts of intellect, fulfill his mission. So important has this mission become, that its execution is the standard for measuring the lives of men, for, as Voltaire said, "I know of no great men except those who have rendered great services to the human race."

Knowledge is the one great blessing that distinguishes man from beast. It is the power to be used to spread human happiness, to lessen human pain, and to economize human labor. If its strength and beauty are hidden under a selfish purpose, it cannot do its grandest work. If the rosebuds were to hide their fragrance and beauty from the world, they would be counted among the weeds of the field. Men who try to reserve their education and accomplishments for their own selfish gain, narrow the scope of their usefulness and lower their positions among their fellow beings. Thomas Edison is one of the grandest examples of the modern servant to mankind. He spends hours each day in his laboratory, striving to add to his already great number of inventions that he may have yet another to lay before the shrine of mankind. He is an uncrowned king whose name and memory shall be blessed by future generations and shall live long after the petty kings of finance have been forgotten, for his throne is built up from his own labor and not from the misery and wreck of his fellow men.

You remember the story of the Lorelei, the beautiful siren who sat upon some dangerous rocks along the Rhine. She was combing her golden hair with a golden comb, and the rare jewels that she wore glistened in the sun. She was singing a wonderfully sweet song, and a boatman who chanced to see her, was dazzled by her beauty and fascinated by her voice. He thought not of his danger and rowed nearer and nearer until his ship was dashed to pieces on the rocks and he was drowned. This siren still lives, still lures men on and on, and causes them to forget their honor, their fellow-man and their God. When they have almost gained the desired gold, they are cut down by the scythe of the grim Reaper and are refused admittance at the Great Gate, while the poorest laborer may enter.

If heaven measures man by his good deeds he has performed and the souls he has saved, then "this world will be blind indeed if it does not reckon among its great ones, heroes without laurels and conquerors without the jubilation of triumph." All around us are people giving not money but pity, kindness and sympathy. These are doing a greater work than if they were building great churches, for they are uplifting the souls of men.

"Knowledge is power when it can be made available, practical." It is not the amount of Greek, Latin, Algebra or Geometry that we are able to remember that is the true test of our learning. Education is not supposed to store the memory with useless knowledge, but to quicken the faculty of observation, to cultivate the habit of method and arrangement, and to add to the interest and variety of life. The ones who use their knowledge, find unlimited

interest in their surroundings; in nature, in art, in history and in the life of mankind. How few know that elements of great beauty are shut up in the black ground! Separate the sand, and atom by atom the opal may be formed; purify the clay, and the ruby and sapphire appear; treat properly the blackest soot, and the beautiful diamond will be the result. Facts even more wonderful lie hidden in learning, and even greater is the transformation of knowledge into "Knowledge for Service." MARIE REAM.

A Young Man's Measure

With the dawn of the Christian era, came a complete change in the standard of measuring manhood. Up to that time valor took rank before virtue in public opinion, the victories of the arm were mightier than those of the brain, and many of the greatest heroes of the earlier period were grossly corrupt and immoral. Thus the young man of yesterday was measured more for his physical qualities, strength, size and endurance, but the young man of today must combine both the physical and intellectual to attain to the excellence of true manliness.

The standard of today is divided into five units of measurement: vigor, intellectual ability, moral fiber, sociability and initiative and inertia. These units are vitally requisite, and, taken both individually and collectively, form the basis for measuring the real young man of today.

In this age of strenuous competition and marvelous accomplishment, health and physique take first place among the necessary assets which a young man must possess. Physically speaking, "the survival of the fittest" is every day coming into his own, and robbing his less fortunate brother of the great prize he so vainly sought. It is indeed pitiful to see the ambitious and manly fellow struggle for that which he can never possess —because of physical handicaps. Again, we have the young man who reaches the crest of his climb, loses his footing, and falls to the bottom because of misuse or neglect of his physical being. A keen and active intellect requires a healthy body, just as a plant requires sunlight. Imagine, if you can, master minds, like those of Caesar, Napoleon, Lincoln and our modern Roosevelt, sustained by weak and sickly bodies. Luxury and dissipation demoralize the mental or inner-man, and disintegrate the outer or physical man, while overwork, induced by the avarice of ambition, will stunt physical development to a marked degree. By living simply and introducing athletics and hygiene into his daily life, the young man will have done much towards meeting the physical demands the world imposes, and coming up to the mark made by the first unit of measurement.

The second unit defines or measures the young man's intellectual abilities, and the old adage, "Knowledge is power," is perhaps more true today than ever before. Unparalleled educational advantages are offered and the young man who does not use them is not considered as progressive or as necessary to the life of his own community as the young man who does. How true it is that "if a man writes a better book, preaches a better sermon or makes a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, the world will make a beaten path to his door." So it is with the young man, the college man, the young professional man, or the youthful, but skilled artisan, if his workmanship is superior to that of his fellow-student or competitor, he will be measured accordingly, and you'll find that man on the top.

Let us consider moral fiber before passing judgment on the young man. Suppose that he has a splendid physique and great intellectual ability, but lacks moral stamina. Will he succeed? No! for character determines

reliability and trustworthiness,—and without these qualities he will sooner or later become a derelict on the sea of dishonor and contempt. That young man is indeed fortunate whose will power is strong enough for him to resist temptations. The fight of resistance makes him stronger, and gives him self-confidence and poise. This type is much sought after. The world has little patience with the reckless, dissipated and avaricious young fellow, and he has little to do with the shaping of the world's affairs. As an element of moral fiber religion plays an important part. It is largely effective in moulding a young man's character; it inspires a faith in self and in fellowman; it teaches him to look beyond the material things of this world and strive for something higher and better; it helps him to carry out the Divine plan.

Have you ever noticed how much more rapidly the young man advances if he has a cheery disposition, and is friendly and sociable wherever he goes? It is only a duty to his fellowman which he performs when he becomes a factor in society. Society demands a passport, so to speak, from him who would enter, and here we say frankly and without hesitation that the greatest organization in existence today which sets the standard for the social measurement of a young man is the Young Men's Christian Association. Sociability, however, must not be confounded with society, for of the two, sociability is essential, while society is purely optional. The power and influence of association can scarcely be over-estimated. It tends to color our views of friendship, makes us broad-minded and causes us to feel that we are each, one of a common brotherhood.

Two final characteristics which embody much in a commercial sense are initiative and inertia. In other words, they constitute the young man's executive ability. By initiative, we mean his ability to start or originate something; by inertia, his capacity to keep it going. The young man of this type is as a rule original, persevering, enthusiastic, and has faith in what he works for. Very rarely does he fail to "make good."

What, now, will our standard of measurement do for the young man of the future? Surely he will be the better for it. All present indications point toward civic and moral improvement. We cite, for instance, the recent bribery exposures—national in their scope, and the confiscation and destruction of several thousand false weights and measures in New York and Pittsburg. Our modern system of living has helped us to do away with false measures, material and ideal, and this means that the young man of the future will find it difficult to fool his fellowman.

Yesterday, our heroes were Achilles, Hercules, Hector, Alexander and Caesar; today we give the laurels, not to soldiers of battle, but to soldiers of life who have been measured by the units of true manhood.

RALPH EDWIN JESSE, '11.

As Ithers See Us

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Strange as it may seem, unnatural as it may appear, untruthful as it may sound, there is one thing to which we as Seniors must submit. It is not a species of rotund police authority, nor is it like the sweet, tender solicitude as was imposed by our late overseers, the Faculty. In fact, it's simply this,—*we must be seen!* This is one of those indisputable facts and audacious truths of which we have so unmercifully robbed the school books, and which have been so easy to digest and assimilate.

Unlike the deluded ostrich, which buries its silly cranium within a pile of sand to escape detection, many of us go about blissfully ignorant that we are easily visible, not taking even as many precautions as this misguided bird.

The days of fairy stories and the days of invisible garments—in which we once lived almost as a reality—are past, and now we have arrived at a place where opinions for good or evil are passed upon us as a direct result of the fact that day after day the populace feast their eager eyes upon us. Nothing will help—we must submit to the obvious.

Thus far we have assumed that to be seen is not a pleasing process; but, of course, we dare not state a law in this case for a conclusion on that subject is optional with the individual. Having hinted that the affirmative of this question might be considered, I turn to our young ladies for their sanction.

Oh, yes, if we could only see ourselves as others see us! The smiles of amusement and the tears of sorrow would be mingled together, but out of it all would come the great and good lesson which many of us have failed to learn. We are blind to those of our defects which can be remedied, but our virtues, small as they may be, we pass thru lenses until they have become magnified a thousand times. Such is human weakness! Such is Senior vanity!

Let us ask ourselves the question,—What thoughts pass through the minds of the underclassmen, for instance, the Freshmen, on observing us? At this point a doubt might arise as to whether or not the Freshmen have enough of this material thru which thoughts *could* pass, but we assume it as a fact and proceed to the execution.

In the first place the Freshman's opinion is simply exalted. This being the case, we must be careful lest we speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. One of the first things that he notices, as the Seniors go to and from school, is that these highbrowed recipients of learning are totally devoid of books. No precious folio is pressed to their studious bosoms, nor are their eyes bleared by continuous burning of the midnight electricity. This impresses his simple mind,—the above noted,—and he quickly decides that the Seniors know everything and therefore have no use for books. He, of course, decides to do likewise. Observe the tragedy! He bravely and manfully discards his five ponderous volumes—not counting notebooks and tablet—which, taken collectively, have almost drawn his young frame lopsided in the short space of three or four weeks, and leaves the school room a free—child. But, woe! alas! he has not reckoned for the morrow! His auditory appendage is seized unceremoniously and his wailings are heard throughout the lower halls. His hat, too, after a few days of openmouthed inspection, appears at a very precipitous angle, but the Senioric effect is somewhat lessened by the fact that his grade-school friends proceed to make his life bitter by offering easily understood, sarcastic allusions to his occipital enlargement. He has learned a number of lessons since and,—

"For a' that and a' that,
Don't laugh at him for a' that;
Because each Senior here tonight
Was a Freshie once, for a' that."

If we poor mortals could see ourselves as the Faculty see us, our eyes would be opened to many more stranger things than I can mention tonight. No doubt they look upon us with the greatest favor at this particular moment, but we cannot blame them, considering that we may have some inclination to return the compliment. In the first year they could not miss the chance of amusing themselves, many times at our expense. In the next year we became unruly, and the hand of authority (usually armed with a demerit pad) descended heavily upon us. In the third year we were impertinent, and they avoided us.

Now things have changed. Now, the Faculty, realizing that three years of dignified reserve have profited them nothing, conclude by *reductio ad absurdum,* to be *at least* pleasing. They make the effort, but, Oh the irony of fate and the terrible truth! "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," neither can he learn them himself. But, after all, there are many sparks of humanity among their number, who look at us with favor, but we hasten to add in the same breath that their frail opinions are usually founded upon the strength

of a reputation established by a brother or sister who has gone on before. Foiled again!

We leave this dangerous ground and hurry to another system of self-torture. This is found in the observations and conclusions of the hard-headed man of the world. He looks at us with a bitter taste in his mouth and scorns us for reading the classics while he has been reading the ticker of the financial world. He rudely destroys with a word, yea, with a glance, our flimsy structure of dreams and romance, and brings us back to earth with a shock. With a grunt of despair he goes back into antiquity and pulls from the archives of the ancients the record of some villain who said that we couldn't spell! With greater malice still, he points out that our midnight picnics are dangerous to life; but we can't help that his boy happens to be a Junior. His ideas of his own adolescent period are vague myths and therein lies the difficulty. Let us hope that he may take counsel with himself and profit thereby.

As the fable taught us,we cannot please everybody, for if we attempt it we shall please nobody. So, pushing back the seemingly ludicrous, we see the good and true qualities of each individual shining from the depths of each animated soul. Love, purity, and honesty cannot be purchased on the stock market, but the seeds of each lie deep in each heart awaiting development. Thus, a knowledge of our own defects helps us to attain a certain degree of perfection, but the knowledge cannot be gained by a consultation with a mirror; it must be obtained through other ears and through other eyes. May the Power then answer our request and bestow upon us this gift that we may "see oursels as ithers see us."

ROBERT HARTMAN.

Class Humorist

Class Song

TUNE—"COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN."

I.

Oh class of nineteen eleven,
Our own class that we love so much,
We will cherish and love you forever;
There never was or will be such.
May the mem'ry of thee never fade,
But stand out distinct till the last;
Then, class of nineteen eleven,
Three cheers for the four years just past.

REFRAIN:

Three cheers for the four years just past,
Three cheers for the four years just past;
May the mem'ry of them never fade,
Three cheers for the four years just past.

II.

Oh the Canton High class of eleven,
Is the best that's ere gone from the town;
We belong to it and will boost it,
For you can't keep a good class down.
They will rise spite of all you can do,
And will ever go on towards success.
Then hail to the class of eleven
Of our own dear old C. H. S.

REFRAIN:

Of our own dear old C. H. S.,
Of our own dear old C. H. S.,
Then hail to the class of eleven,
Of our own dear old C. H. S.,

Valedictory

In one of the most successful little dramas of the year, Israel Zangwill, an eminent author, conceives this vast domain, America, as a melting pot. With their eyes on the Statue of Liberty the marvelous multitude from foreign shores come abroad to be blended into the liberty-loving American. This wonderful, pulsating theme, when properly produced, cannot help but impress upon any thoughtful person the truth and sublimity of the figure. Just imagine our giant ocean-liners traversing the seas with their cargoes of human freight,—the raw material for the Crucible of God.

At first the Great Chemist saw fit to form his alloys from such ingredients as the Pennsylvania Dutch, the New England Puritans and the Carolina French; but this was only the backbone of our nation and not the destined final product. With the passing of years came the new throngs of immigrants, thinkers, soldiers, craftsmen and political refugees with their customs and ideals. Then these were dumped into the mould and after generations of fusing, a mixture of leaders is produced—leaders of finance, of education and political economy, such men as Oscar Strauss, Henry Van Dyke and Abbot Lawrence Lowell.

Ah! but that is a vivid picture for the artist of detail: the massive pot, the seething metal, the floating impurities, the clouds of steam, the flying sparks, the painful heat the red-tongued flames, the blinding glare, the poisonous gases and the frightened watchmen! Each characteristic of this crucible has its counterpart in the most progressive country in the world, America.

But what significance does this picture bear towards our Alma Mater? Cannot our High School be called a melting pot, if, during four long years, there have been a melting, molding and combining of the elements of character; if, during four long years, there has been a fusing of individualities in preparation for the more severe tests of future trials? Indeed, it has ever been an ever-changing process. We were constantly stirred into action by the firm ladle of education in the hands of noble, well-meaning instructors. At times this implement swept through the boiling liquid without a murmuring ripple, and at others this all-powerful influence has but succeeded in producing a violent eruption of discord and a shower of sparks.

Many men have denounced the length of time required by our system of education, but do they forget that the metal which is gradually heated and then held at that degree of temperature is the most satisfactory for practical use? We have just emerged from such a process, not where education may be poured into the cranium as if into a pitcher, but where silent, constructive, persevering and humane forces have effected a virtual change. Four long years of heating and welding, a very slow procedure, but we leave the cauldron, purified for the next step in the process of elimination. Each particle in the sizzling mass has had its substance materially changed, either losing part of itself for the welfare of the whole or becoming alloyed to the molecules of honesty and friendship.

From this crucible there have oft arisen dense clouds of vapor, the discordant element of the scene, and swiftly have these discarded elements of weakness taken their upward flight. But what has become of the retarders and the laggers-on, those who form the refuse in the crucible? Woe unto these! As soon as the scum was formed, year by year it was scooped off the top, and when the finished product, the Class of 1911, shall go, the slag will remain at the bottom.

Fellow Classmates: Each year the tested product of the local melting pot is liberated. Each year new raw material is prepared for the freshly-fired crucible. When we take leave of Canton High, we must be replaced, for America, the big melting pot, must have its alloy of burnished gold and modest silver

from the schools of the nation. Hitherto we were washed from one side of the bowl to the other, but now our paths become well-defined. With our advantages we must assume the responsibility of honorable citizenship—citizenship that in these times of nation-wide demand for honesty and stamina, shall be able to fight for a purer public life—citizenship that shall stand undaunted in the universal light—citizenship that shall hasten on the practical Brotherhood of Man.

Class of 1911, at last we have emerged, in an untainted state, from God's little melting pot, the High School of Canton; but we are in such a condition that now we enter the big Crucible of God, where heat the activities and questions of the nation. We have emerged with KNOWLEDGE FOR SERVICE—service for fellow-men; we have emerged with A MAN'S MEASURE in view of the DAWN of a great Tomorrow.

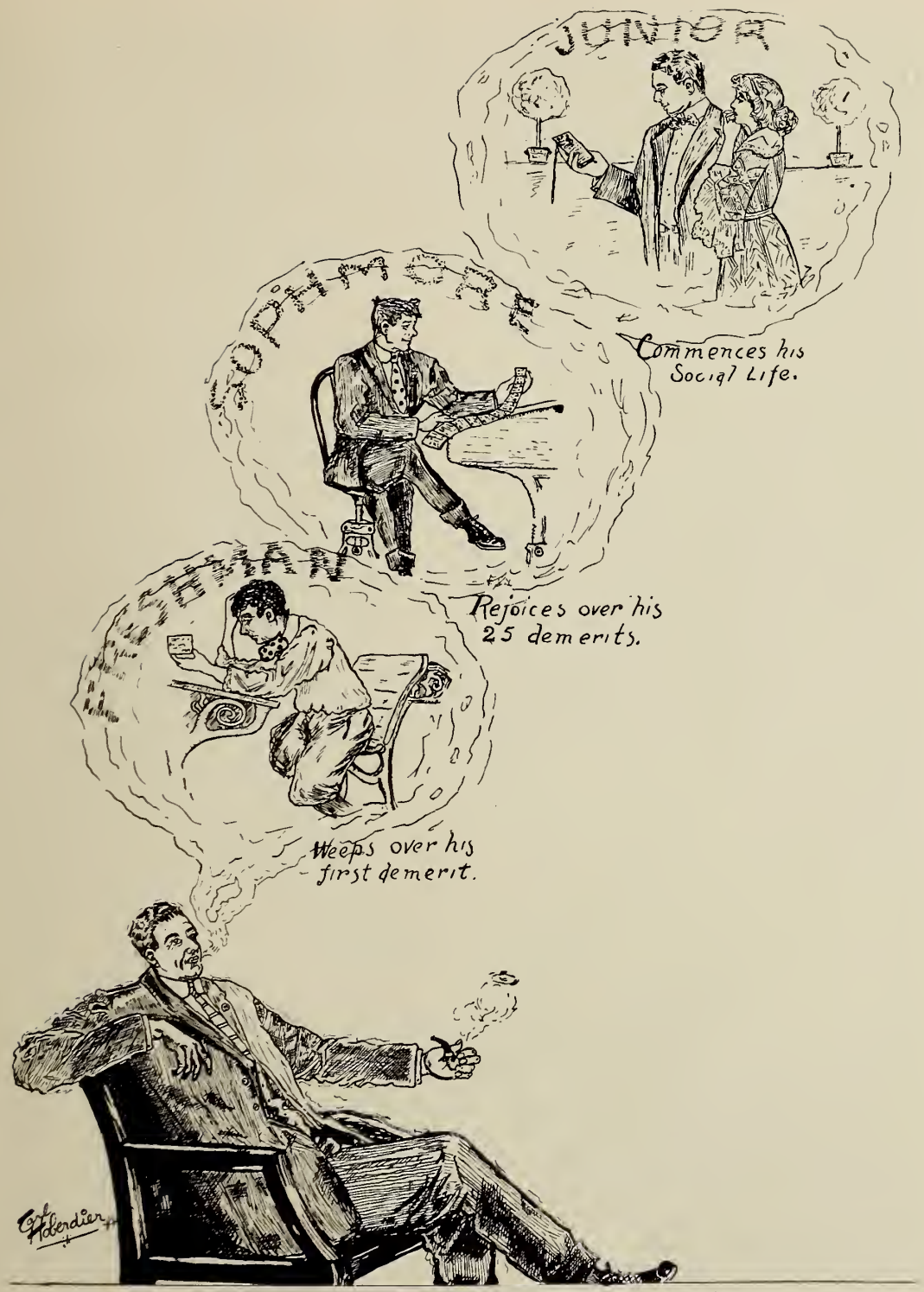
We have emerged with the memory of the past and with hope for the future. The paths of our future life shall never lead us to the joys and delightful sorrows of our past, shall never bring us back to the days of our blissful youth when innocent hilarity was replaced by no other care than study.

As we look back, the memory of class rivalries and dissensions brings the blush of pride to our cheeks; but on this memorable evening; these thoughts should but tie us closer in realization of our final harmonious departure. Perhaps this is the last time we shall be together, after countless days of merry companionship—days that are lost forever to everything but to fond memories. They may have been tinged with slight stains of sorrow, but still they are the happiest part of our lives. If we consider ourselves actors on the stage of life, we surely must reailze the minor part we have played. We were hidden from the view of the audience, only being heard as we carelessly tripped over the stage setting between the scenes. How we longed for a share of the applause that was being offered the principal players! At that time we tremblingly became aware of our subordinate position, and of the uphill climb before us. Then the thought of being advanced to a higher rank cheered us on. We knew that "all the world is but a stage where every man must play his part" and we strove for the stellar roles. The glare of the footlights seemed to be leagues away as we hurriedly shifted the scenery; but we labored on with hope.

Yes, we emerge from the crucible with a spirited feeling of youthful hope. A few would gladly lift the veil of the future and wonderingly peep ahead. But would we defeat the purpose of life? "Life may not be a pleasant thing, but it can be made a noble thing." No two people solve the riddle of life in exactly the same way. If weakness overtake us at the roadside, hope will drive us ahead and no matter if we have failed at the end of our course, we can pronounce those words of cheer—"We tried."

We are better prepared than those who have not had our opportunities, and knowing this we should feel courageous in our farewell. Farewell to the faithful furnace which we should forever recall with a feeling of pride—hearty pride for Canton High, and all of its associations; farewell to the furnace tenders to whom, after all, we owe eternal gratitude for the strength, magnificence and power of the finished product, the Class of 1911. But ah! The flame beneath the pot burns low—wavers farewell—flickers goodnight—and goes out.

PHILIP L. ROSENTHAL.



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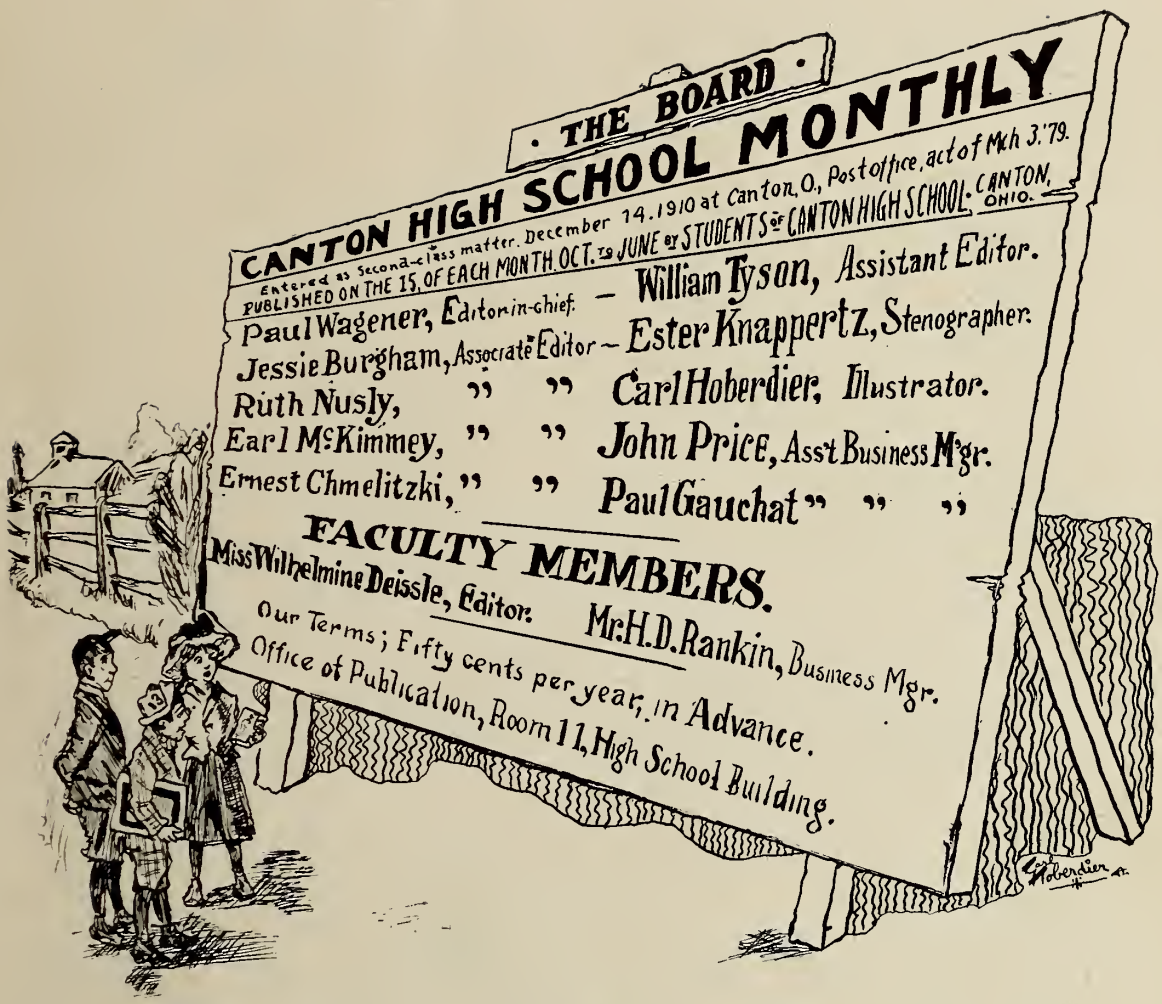
THE BOARD
CANTON HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY
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Editorials

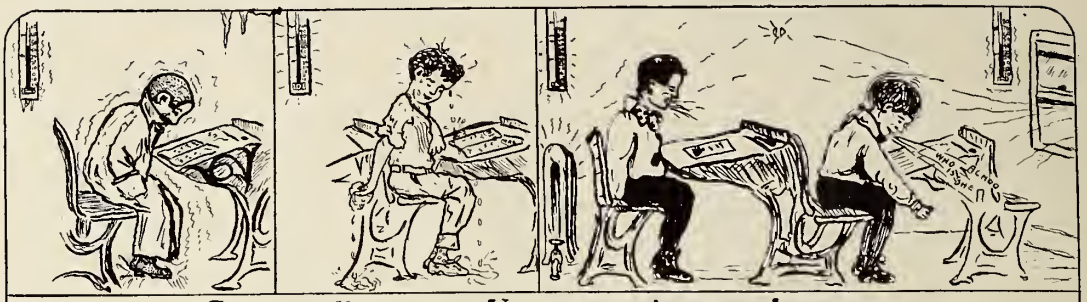
Sweet Nature has propitiously ordained that trials and sorrows of the past be buried deep down in the dark dungeon of forgetfulness; but joys and delights she stores up in a treasure-house of beautiful memories. May this book be to us all a key by which at times we may enter into that house, and there, 'midst those pleasant recollections of our youth, made sweeter by the harsher realizations of later years, live over again those blissful days of a happy and care-free existence.

Letting austerity incline toward the frailty of human nature, we will endeavor to say a few words in regard to our Senior Faculty. In a spirit of appreciation, rather than with critical judgment, we desire to inform its worthy members, just how they appeal to us. Perhaps, in later years, we shall understand more fully how much we owe to them and estimate them more highly than at present, but the words of today must express the thoughts of today, so without superficial flattery we proceed.

"Like Plato firm, like Aristides just."

A year with Cicero and a year with Virgil and you will have become acquainted with Miss Schoeninger. Equipped with a complete store of Greek mythology and Roman literature, she is wont to take us in spirit on long

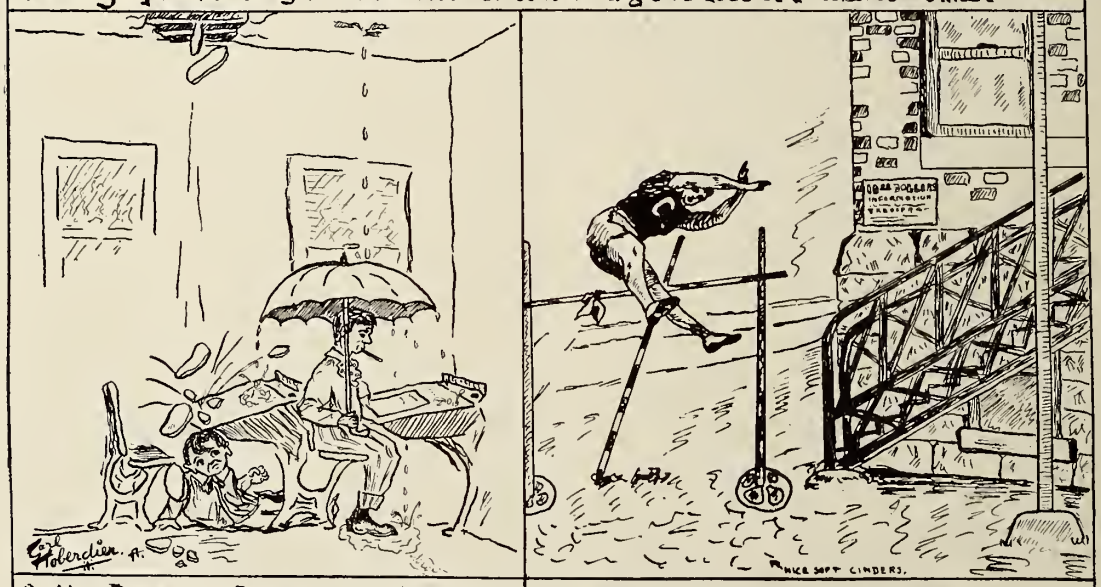
AS LONG AS THE OLD SHELL STANDS.



SYSTEM OF HEATING AND VENTILATING ABOMINABLY INEFFICIENT.

"If you have your schedule fixed to accommodate the scarcity of room now at this late date make it out and hand it to me."
1910 - OCTOBER - 1910
DEAR READER:- THIS IS NOT A MILLINERY STORE - JUST THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF ROOM 25.
JUST NEW SWEET
OUR CAVE LUNCHROOM.

Scarcity of room is very inconvenient and causes a great loss of valuable time.



ON NICE DAYS IT IS PLEASANT IN SCHOOL.

OUR GYM AND CAMPUS.

After four years of experience we realize that a NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING is absolutely necessary for the procurence of satisfactory results. Since we have finished our course there, our reasons for advocating the improvement cannot be purely egotistical. It is rather that same Social interest, which is the basis of all government that gives impetus to our plea. And the school board,- you know,- is PART OF THE GOVERNMENT.

journeys from the beauties and splendors on Mt. Olympus, through the laborious trials of earth, even down the River Styx unto the bitter depths of shaded Erebus. Though many of us have failed to get the grades to which we aspired, no one is ever heard to say that a "square deal" was not received at her hands. We leave her with a feeling of appreciative gratitude, wishing her many more Virgil classes as capable and inspiring as the one which was last her pleasure to enjoy.

"And when he wasn't doing something else, he was fixing his necktie,"—but Mr. Pottorf is generally doing something else. He is one of that class of teachers, oh so small, who are personally interested in the success of every one of their pupils. He is one of that limited number of instructors who realize that a period spent in teaching the practical lessons of life with the help of a good story is more valuable than many periods of ordinary school drill. We like Mr. Pottorf and we like his jokes and wish him much success in future life.

When Walter S. Ruff left the High School to take up his regular profession of defending the innocent and obtaining pardon for the guilty, the student body lost a true friend, a capable instructor and an all-around good fellow. If, in future years, there comes a time when crooks and criminals are no more and his profession becomes a dead one, we sincerely hope that he will return to the old school and in his amusingly intelligent way and with the vocabulary distinctly his own, take up again the work of teaching the younger generations how to vote.

"A stage where every man must play a part and mine a glad one." Somewhere in the building you will find Miss Deissle with a bashful little boy, laying the foundations for a future Demosthenes. Everybody that graduates has to give an oration, and it is she who corrects our manuscripts and coaches us in our speaking until with all the eloquence of a Cicero or Burke, we can make the big building tremble before our lips and send reverberating echoes through the spacious halls. For Friday afternoons, she arranges little programs, dramatic and literary, carrying them out most effectively and at the close of the term coaches our class play. In general, she is a leading factor in all those things which make school life at C. H. S. a time of pleasant memories, and we hope she will ever remain here as in the past, quickening the life of our dear Alma Mater.

"Life is more than three meals and a bed." It has always been the good fortune of our school to have among its faculty members, one at least, who by her unselfish sacrifices and gentle ways, could teach us the nobler things to be striven for in life. While stenography is the subject she teaches, we generally remember Miss Bachtel as an impetus not to the material progress of our lives but rather to those higher aspirations in the contemplation of which we recognize the things of the world as necessary only in the attainment of a greater end.

"Und in den funkelnden Augen
Sind Liebe und Wonne und Gluck."

When you first begin your study of the German language, Miss Schneider talks at you with a line of Deutch that is perfectly bewildering. You look at her in astonishment and with an expression accurately blank. A satisfied smile then illuminates her countenance, and as you behold her thus, you realize the above quotation. When warm weather comes, look out! More "Dutch" than you may imagine is concealed by that auburn hair. Discouraged by Sophomores, disgusted with Juniors, indignant at Seniors, she is liable to do things which you cannot gratefully appreciate. But "just keep sweet" and then all will be well.

"I live on the sunny side of the street, shady folks live on the other side." Everything goes on quite smoothly in English class until one of our authors makes a speech of

exceptional merit. Forthwith, immediately, Mr. Shutt arises from his chair, seeks the center of the stage, and, with a voice most eloquent and manner dramatic, proceeds to favor us with a graphic portrayal of same, emphasizing all the while, the peculiar significance of each important phrase, raving majestically over the depths of thought to which we could enter, thereby, and concluding with a laudatory tribute to the man who favored the world with such noble literature. But this literary man's fame does not end here. He is a joker and of a rare type. The entire school is brightened incessantly by his smile, and without him the place might well be labeled with skull and cross-bones.

"Fair and warmer tonight and tomorrow, with the exception of showers and possible snow flurries." The weather man has made his prediction. Besides being official observer, Mr. Meyer is a member of our faculty. All our teachers are jokers, but Mr. Meyer is a real joker. He can get more good common sense (we mean something to laugh at) out of a dry physics book than most people can get out of his weather observations. He is one out of a school full of teachers who understands that his work is to enlighten us with knowledge of his own and not to pull out of us what we grind out of the book; and even though he does seem to mix our test grades with thermometric registrations on cold days, we feel satisfied, when all is over, that our days in the physics and chemistry laboratories have been of all the most profitably spent.

Harry Hazlett raises chickens, drills amalgamated soldiers, coaches athletics, and then, if he has any time left, teaches school. Aside from the fact that it has a professor of noted ability, Canton High School boasts of one of the most efficient coaches in the state. The one thing dearest to this man's heart is to "bawl a fellow out." From his ministerial throne in the "big room" he hurls verbal darts that mutilate the conceit of many an ill-mannered youth, and then when we applaud, like the hero in a cheap stock-company production, he continues to read his morning paper much as though something had not been accomplished.

Mr. Silver is a mathematician. We understand that perfectly, but, still, nevertheless, he should not expect us all to be such. The employment of a little more clemency on his part in regard to this would give us all better Trig grades, yet perhaps no greater knowledge. If you act like a gentleman and do a little digging occasionally he will hold you as his friend and flunking need not then be feared.

Mr. Marshall treats us all like human beings. His Democratic ways appeal to us very eloquently. He has perfected in our school a system of commercial education that is greatly advantageous to its participants and of much credit to the school.

We have not had time to become acquainted intimately with our new principal, Mr. Shelton, and so, perhaps, cannot gage him quite accurately. The impression he has left with us after our brief relationship, is that he is a man of action, broad-minded enough to see both sides in any argument, capable of judging the better of two alternative courses, self-minded enough to prevent adversative persuasion, and with sufficient will power to execute purposes. We know from past experience that he is deeply interested in athletics and in other things not strictly educational that help to make the outside reputation of a school. With a man like this at the wheel, we anticipate an advantageous and interesting future for students of Canton High.

Our teachers won't let us tell the truth about them.

We hope, in publishing this last issue—The Senior Edition of the Canton High School Monthly, we have successfully completed the rise of a great school paper. To all who were actively interested in the magazine's progress, great credit is due, and Canton High School **is eternally grateful.**

ORGANIZATIONS

COURTNEY STUDIO

Orchestra

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm."

The best proof which we have of the truth of this passage is right in our own school, and a splendid proof too — Our Orchestra.

About two months ago it was proposed that a concert be given by the High School Orchestra. The purpose of the concert was to secure enough money to buy music, which was much needed for this organization. The school responded nobly to the call for help and 350 tickets were sold. The proceeds put the organization on a firm financial basis.

Under the able directorship of Ralph Green, our orchestra has prospered and improved until now it is pronounced superior to any of former years. Continued success is possible out of the abundance of capable material which will be in school next year, and every possible means should be used to perfect an organization of such credit to a school.

RALPH GREEN—Director.

Violins.

Pauline Zinninger, '12.
Elizabeth Lavin, '12.
Doris Portmann, '13.
Katherine Elson, '11.
John Fishering, '13.
Phil Rosenthal, '11.
Howard Vaille, '13.
Edgar Cameron, '14.
Don Pike, '12.
Austin Lesigs, '14.
Ruth Nusly, '11.

Viola.

Katherine Bernower, '12.

Cello.

Walter Willis, '13.

Flute.

Gustavus Phillips, '11.

Cornets.

Leland Grunder, '14.
Nelson Yoder, '12.

Trombones.

James Buchnan, '12.
Selmo Rinehart, '14.

Saxaphone.

Paul Shrigley, '11.

Drums.

Charles Amendt, '11.

Pianist—Jessie Van Horne, '11.

Shakespeare Club

"My Shakespeare," Milton called him, echoing Ben;
"My Shakespeare," he to all the sons of men.—Lowell.

JOHN PRICE .....President RUTH GEIDLINGER .....Secretary

For the first time in the history of Canton High School, the Senior class organized a Shakespeare Club, its purpose to be the study and interpretation of the works of Shakespeare.

The first meeting was held Monday, February twenty-seventh. Officers were elected, and an executive committee composed of Ann Jones and Ralph Jesse, together with the president, appointed the leaders and arranged the programs.

Only Seniors in good standing were eligible to this club.

The club met weekly on Wednesday at the seventh bell. "Hamlet" was the play studied.

Next year the club expects to start earlier and will, no doubt, be able to accomplish much more.

Senior Girls' Glee Club

Of all the arts, great music is the art
To raise, the soul above all earthly storms.—Leland.

HELEN SPILKER.....President
MARIE HOMER.....Librarian
MARIE FIGLEY.....Secretary
Miss SCHOENINGER.....Director

On Monday, December third, a meeting was held by the Senior Girls for the purpose of organizing a Glee Club. Officers were elected and a librarian was appointed. Miss Schoeninger of the Faculty kindly consented to act as director. A music committee composed of Olive C. Cole, Rhea Genet, and Theresa Malloy was selected.

Regular meetings were held every Monday after school.

The Club has appeared several times on special programs of entertainment and at the concert given by the Seniors in the First Christian Church in March. Each time the girls were accorded a kind reception by the student body, and performed with much credit and ability. The success of the Club has been largely due to Miss Schoeninger's untiring efforts and interest.

The following selections were studied during the year: "Annie Laurie," "Blow Soft Winds," by Vincent; "Stars of the Summer Night," by Owen; and the "Gypsy Chorus," by Roeckel.

Senior Boys' Glee Club

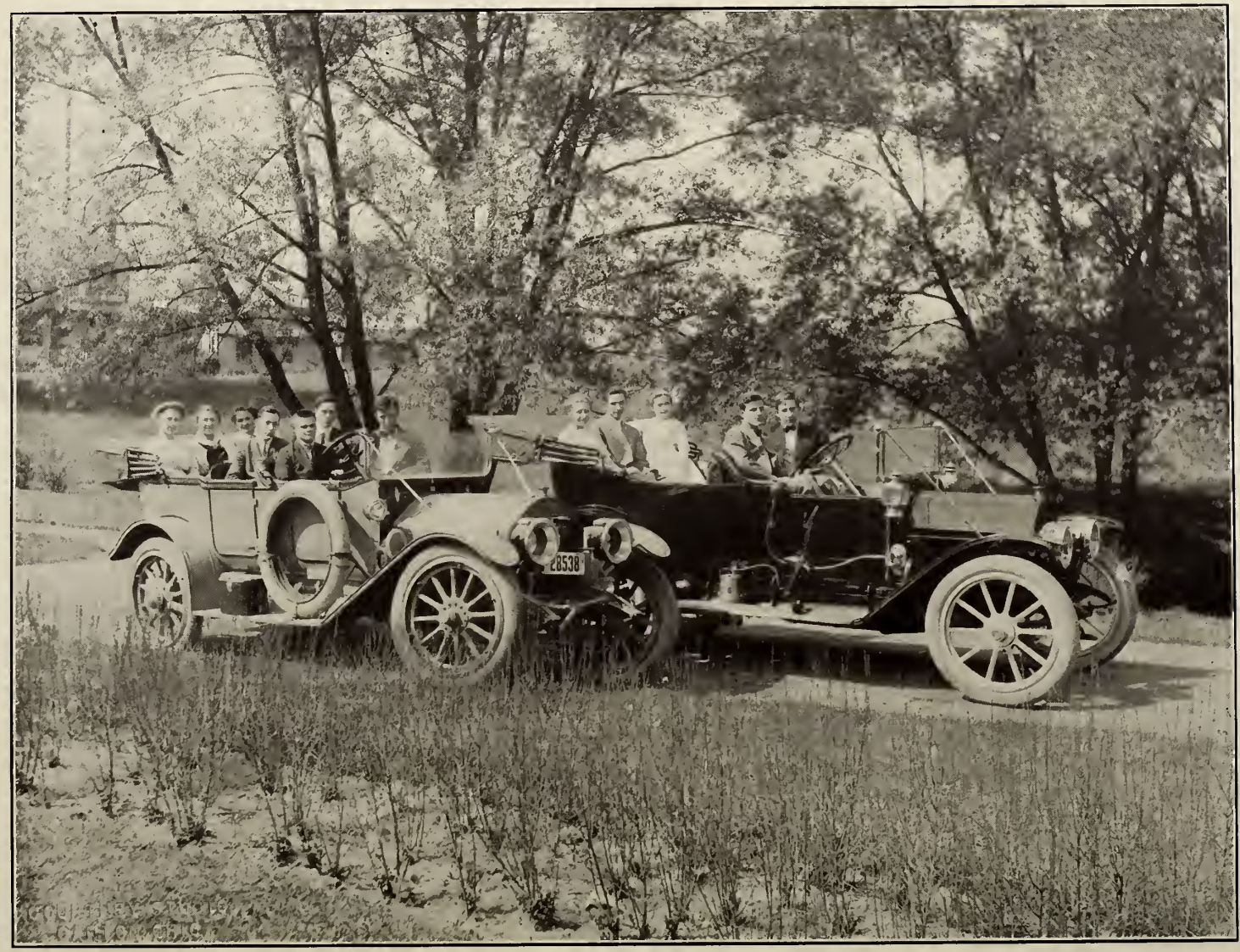
"If music soothes a savage
Does a savage make soothing music?"

RALPH JESSE .....President WILLIAM TYSON .....Vice-President

The inspiration of the Muses, having been received propitiously, the Senior boys sought a channel for the expression of their musical animations in the formation of a Glee Club.

A meeting was held, accordingly, and officers elected. A committee composed of Ralph Green, Paul Davis and John Price was selected to scare up stray Caruso's and transact any other necessary business. Rehearsals were held regularly on Wednesday evenings for a while, and under the direction of Miss Haverstack with the assistance of Professor Pottorf, results, most gratifying to all actively concerned, were attained.

The club made one appearance in public at which it received strenuous applause. After hearing the celestial concord and ethereal melody which ensues from the blending of the tenor voices, clear and ringing, with the deep bass, round and full, every one must give credit to this association of singers for the possession of the best talent out of all the church choirs in town and for the absolute intolerance of any unmusical voice. In the rendition of a spirited march or national air they could resurrect the dead; with a tender love song, inspire a "Yes"; while their production of classical compositions, harmonious in pitch, and exquisite in quality, if imperceptible to the grosser sense of man, surely found peaceful repose in the euphonious ears of the gods.



"ESMERALDA"—A Post-Rehearsal Joy Ride

Dramatics

The talent for dramatics in the Senior class has been demonstrated upon various occasions throughout the year in the production of little comedies and one-act plays. Four of these were presented this year, each one proving to be a source of delightful entertainment to the school.

Two were given at the Christmas program on December 16th. The first was entitled, "The Last of the Cargills," by Rida Johnston Young. The second was a somewhat original reproduction of two scenes taken from Victor Hugo's "Less Miserables," dramatized by Miss Deissle. The third, an amusing little comedy, "How the Vote Was Won," by Cecily Hamilton and Christopher St. John, was given February 24th. The last, a little German play, "Ein Knopf," by Julius Rozen, was presented on June 2nd by the students of German. Being the first of its kind ever given, it was greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

The class play, "Esmeralda," a comedy drama, by Frances Hodgson Burnett and William Gillette was given at the Grand Opera House, June 9th. It was one of the most difficult productions in character interpretation ever attempted by a Canton Senior Class, but out of the excellent material at hand, with the coaching of Miss Deissle, it was accomplished with great success. Staged before a crowded house, applause was incessantly accorded, and at all times evidences of enjoyment on the part of the audience was clearly manifested.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Elbert Rogers .....Roy Sheil
Mrs. Lydia Ann Rogers .....Rhea Genet
Miss Esmeralda Rogers .....Mary Greer
Dave Hardy .....Paul Davis
Mr. Estabrook .....William Snyder
Mr. Jack Desmond .....John Wenrick
Miss Nora Desmond .....Helen Spilker
Miss Kate Desmond .....Ann Jones
Marquis "De Montessin" .....Paul Shrigley
George Drew .....Earl McKimmey

Oratory

In general, more interest has been displayed this year than in former years in oratory and debating. Perhaps it is because of the splendid victory which the Juniors had over the Seniors of 1910, for the honors of this debate were carried off by Philip Rosenthal and Ann Jones, representing the Juniors.

This year the Senior preliminary was held March 24, 1911, to decide which two should contest with the last year's champions for the final Senior honors. In the contest, out of six that entered, Charles Amendt and Harry Nusbaum were victorious in arguing the question—

Resolved, That direct legislation would improve political conditions in the United States. In the next debate, May 1, held by the Juniors, there were eight entries, Wendell Ney and Ralph Doll receiving the honors.

On May 8, the final Senior debate was held, the winners of 1910 having challenged those of 1911. The question at issue was—

Resolved, That a reciprocal commercial agreement should be concluded between the United States and Canada. Each of the contestants showed remarkable ability, both in delivery and argument. The affirmative was represented by Charles Amendt and Harry Nusbaum, and the negative by Philip Rosenthal and Ann Jones, the latter receiving the honors in team work. The highest individual grades in debating were given to Ann Jones and Harry Nusbaum, and had there been time for a Junior-Senior debate, these two would have formed the representative team.

Senior Boys' Outing Club

WILLIAM SNYDER .....President PAUL GAUCHAT .....Secretary

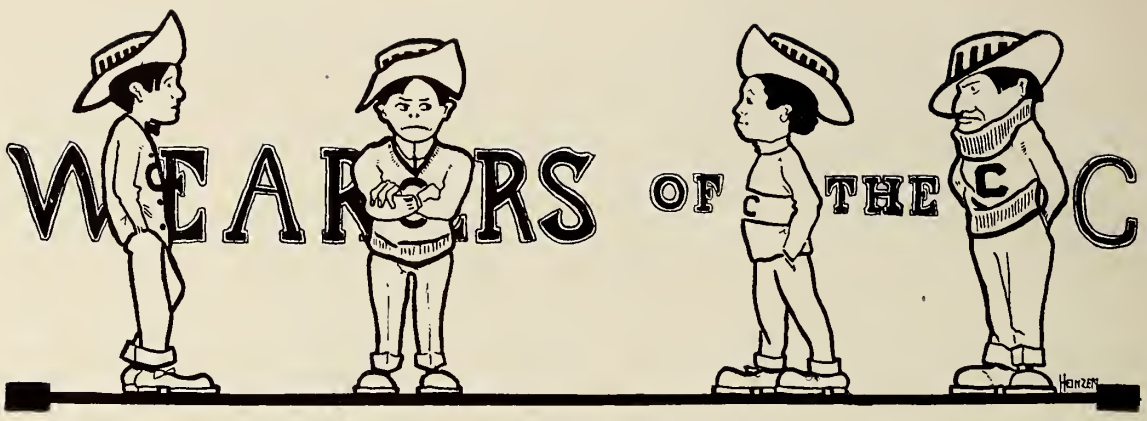
A new feature was introduced into the social life of the Senior Class this year. An Outing Club, with the elimination of all alienation between members of the class for its purpose, was advocated by Jack Binns and made an immediate success by the ready cooperation of all. Its effects upon civilization were good and it should be a precedent for similar proceedings in future years.

Friday, September 30, we held a marshmallow-toast and corn-roast in a cozy little spot encompassed by hills along the B & O. Railroad. Our camp fire used up a little loose fence, otherwise we were considerate on strange premises. Butter-bread with corn, and watermelons (which mysteriously disappeared into the darkness) for desert was the menu afforded. Luckily, our parched throats could be saturated with pure Adam's ale at a fine spring a little distant. After the eats had been sufficiently mutilated we held council around our camp fire. Officers were elected and an entertainment committee composed of William Tyson, John Wenrick, Jack Binns, was appointed. The club was formally christened the Boys' Outing Club. Then everything there is that is laughable or ridiculous was contributed in story to the listeners. **We retired early the next morning.**

Wednesday, October 5, near Buck Hill, in a deep, secluded spot, covered with dense thicket and accessible only by a steep and narrow path through the underbrush, was held the second gathering of the Errant Knights. Our committee had selected this bit of woodland, prepared a roaring fire and served up a good Dutch lunch of buns, "wieners," and pretzels. They had neglected, however, the moisture which such a lunch necessarily implies and so were straightway condemned and punished accordingly. We came home early.

Heretofore our expeditions had been strictly stag affairs. October 20, we arranged a cider-feast in the woods at Corwin Schneider's home on the Massillon Road and invited the girls and our Faculty. Uttering every High School yell known, about 100 girls and boys paraded through West Tuscarawas street in lines extending from curb to curb. We built our camp-fire and proceeded to toast marshmallows. The girls then served us a lunch which put all previous realizations in the background and we straightway resolved never again to go on a lark without them. The best kegs of cider ever emptied were rolled down to us and a tin cup was ever beneath the faucet until there was no more. After having our fill, we fed the remnants to a bunch of starving Juniors and Sophs who were hanging around. Stump speeches were then demanded from the members of the faculty and our approval of their efforts was voiced most flatteringly. As the last of the glowing embers hid itself beneath the veil of grey, we started our weary march home, guided by the light of a big moon shining in a great clear sky.

Thursday night, May 11, the last event of the club's successful season was held in the form of a wagon party to the vicinity of Howenstine. Three large band-wagons, with inside, top, and step, filled to the full extent of their capacities, carried more vitality into that little town than it had been favored with for some time. The realization of this was impressed effectively on the inhabitants, who, at our noisy arrival at the late hour of eight, were seen to arise from their beds and, in evening apparel, crane their necks through the windows or come running out of doors to get some information regarding the strange phenomena. On the way down a storm blew up, but after giving us a little scare and very little rain, blew away, leaving a cloudless sky for the peaceful wanderings of a great full moon. Everybody enjoyed the trip immensely and pronounced it a fit close for the club's program of outings.



LOUIS BONAR '11
Football.

STANLEY BOWMAN '11
Football.

ARTHUR BOYLAN '12
Baseball.

LOY BLACK '12
Football.

PAUL DAVIS '11
Basketball.
Baseball.

HOWARD EWART '11
Football.
Basketball.

ALBERT FIALA '12
Football.
Basketball.
Baseball.

CLEMENT FLICKENGER '13
Basketball.
Baseball.

GEORGE HOWELLS '12
Football.

CHARLES JOHNSON '11
Football.

ABRAHAM LUNTZ '12
Basketball.

JOHN PRICE '11
Football.
Basketball.
Baseball.

JOE RIPPETH '11
Football.

CLIFFORD SCHNAKE '11
Basketball.

ELMER SHRIVER '14
Baseball.

WILLIAM SNYDER '11
Football.
Baseball.

MERLE STAMBAUGH '12
Baseball.

WILLIAM TYSON '11
Basketball.

PAUL WALTERS '12
Football.
Baseball.

HOWARD WILSON '13
Basketball.
Baseball.

ATHLETICS

C. H.
'11

Football

At the end of the season of '09-'10, the prospects for a good team were not very bright. While there was some very promising looking material, but few of the new candidates had had much experience.

Practice was begun early in September with no lack of men for all different positions on the team, and, despite pessimistic predictions, with Hazlett for coach, a fairly good team was assembled for the first game. The way the members worked for unity will always be admired and victories resulted from the next five games, proving to the doubtful that C. H. S. had one of the grittiest little teams in the state.

Although we were defeated in our last two games by a small score, the loyal supporters of the Red and Black, who must be commended for their large numbers and united school spirit, were proud of the team they were backing. The manner in which these men fought against odds has made everyone feel that under less adverse circumstances we shall beat our rivals the next time we meet on the gridiron.

Four regular men will be graduated this year, leaving behind them the remainder of the established unit. Too much praise cannot be given to Capt. Howells. He ran his team with good judgment at all times. Black, Ewart, Rippeth and Bowman were the mainstay of the line while Bonar, center, was in a class by himself, "showing up" every man he played against. Price has played his last for C. H. S. and in him we lose one of the best backs we ever had. Faithful and fearless he never knew the word "quit." Smalley, full-back, can also be commended for his steady, nervy playing. Fiala at quarter-back and Snyder at end gained many a point for us by their cool judgment. Stambaugh, Wilson and Luntz will be good men with a little more experience.

Black, '12, and Jackson, '12, have been elected captain and manager of the team for '11 and '12.

LINE-UP.

Howells (c)	L. E.
Bowman	L. T.
Rippeth	L. G.
Bonar	C.
Black	R. G.
Ewart	R. T.
Snyder	R. E.
Price	R. H. B.
Smalley	F. B.
Johnson	L. H. B
Fiala	Q. B.
Luntz	Sub.
Stambaugh	Sub.
Wilson	Sub.

SCHEDULE.

Oct. 1—At Canton	Alliance H. S.	6	C. H. S. 11
Oct. 8—At Barberton	Barberton H. S.	0	C. H. S. 37
Oct. 15—At Canton	New Phila. H. S.	0	C. H. S. 17
Oct. 22—At Kent	Kent H. S.	0	C. H. S. 27
Oct. 29—At Canton	Minerva H S.	0	C. H. S. 96
Nov. 5—At Alliance	Alliance H. S.	0	C. H. S. 12
Nov. 12—At Canton	Rayen H. S.	6	C. H. S. 3
Nov. 19—At Akron	Akron H.S	6	C. H. S. 3
	Opponents	18	C. H. S. 206

C.H.S.
'11

Basketball

History is made with every action of man. It is the aim of man to create history which will long be remembered. Some people would laugh and say, "Well, the C. H. S. basket-ball team of the past season has certainly accomplished the aim then, although the accomplishment is not of an enviable character," but the good, loyal supporter of C. H. S. looks at it in an entirely different light. And it is with the view of a loyal supporter that we look at the outcome.

We know that it is never a disgrace to be defeated by teams that are our superiors in skill, as a majority of the teams met during this season undoubtedly were. It is proper for us to profit by the experience we may have gained and prepare for other encounters which may be more creditable to us.

We think that one of the hardest schedules ever presented to any C. H. S. basket-ball team was given to us this year, representing teams which were highly experienced. As an entirely new team had to be developed, under circumstances in practice which are not productive of the best results, the outcome was naturally not so brilliant as it might have been. While we consider ourselves fortunate in receiving such a good schedule, we would suggest that a little more care should have been shown in its arrangement.

We believe that we have accomplished at least one thing in the past season, and that is the development of a good foundation for next year's team. Credit should at least be given the players for the manner in which they "stuck to it" through numerous defeats.

Five members of the squad expect to graduate this year, while four will remain. Fiala, 1912, was elected captain of next year's team, and Robert MacKenzie, 1912, was appointed manager.

LINE-UP.

Price (c)	R. F.
Davis	L. F.
Tyson	C.
Wilson	R. G.
Fiala	L. G.
Ewart	C.
Schnake	C.
Luntz	G.
Flickinger	F.

SCHEDULE

	Opponents	C. H. S.
Ex High—At Canton	23	21
Pittsburg—At Pittsburg	53	12
" At Canton	25	17
Akron—At Akron	38	22
Alliance—At Canton	18	34
Oberlin Academy—At Oberlin	31	19
Shaw H. S. (Cleveland)—At Canton	4	29
Alliance—At Alliance	14	21
Akron—At Canton	20	8
Canal Dover—At Canal Dover	26	12
Simpsons—At Canton	26	16
Wooster—At Wooster	63	10
	341	221

Baseball

The major league ball clubs may have advantage of the smaller clubs by reason of their southern training trips, but they are not much ahead of C. H. S. Although our baseball club did not take a southern trip to get into condition, yet along in the middle of winter certain members could be seen getting their batting eye into condition on the Y. M. C. A. billiard table. (Without a doubt, it is advantageous to read newspaper "dope.")

The disappointment which was our lot last season must have inspired the candidates with a determination to show every one that Canton High really did possess the kind of people who can do things and do them well, and certainly the manner in which practice started and progressed made this point clear. A great portion of credit is due to the energetic captain who was elected by the members of last year's team. It is always the best policy to practice what you preach and in this respect it can not be said that the leader of the team was lacking. Much credit is also due to the other members of the team who so firmly upheld the honor of our school and made the baseball season of 1911 one which can reflect nothing except praise for C. H. S.

Five men of last year's team returned this season, while the remainder of the team was made up of men who had some experience in athletics before. A good foundation has been laid for next year's team which should make a still more enviable record. Only three men graduate in 1911.

The management should be commended for obtaining a good schedule, but more promptness in getting out the season tickets would have helped to better the financial returns which are never as good as in other departments of athletics.

LINE-UP.

Walters	C.
Fiala	3 B.
Shriver	L. F.
Stambaugh (c)	S. S.
Wilson	2 B.
Davis	C. F.
Flickinger	R. F.
Snyder	1 B.
Boylan	P.
Price	Utility
Heilman	Utility

SCHEDULE AND SUMMARY.

April 28—At Orville	Orville H. S.	0	C. H. S.	3
May 6—At Cleveland	University S.	1	C. H. S.	2
May 13—At Canton	Warren H. S.	0	C. H. S.	13
May 19—At Massillon	State Hospital	10	C. H. S.	2
May 20—At Youngstown	Rayen H. S.	0	C. H. S.	5
May 27—At New Philadelphia	N. P. H. S.	0	C. H. S.	3
June 3—At Akron	Akron H. S.	3	C. H. S.	0
June 10—At Canton	Akron H. S.		C. H. S.	

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Field Day

Although the usual events took place at the annual field meet in respect to the winner, yet such a decided victory for the Senior Class has not been heard of for a number of years. Out of a possible 98 points the class of '11 secured 69 points, '12 secured 19 points, and '13 took 10 points. Good time was made in all track events except the 100 yard dash, which was timed as 12 seconds flat. The time made by the same runner in the 220 yard dash showed clearly that some mistake had been made.

Two records were broken during the afternoon. The high jump, which has stood for eleven years at 5 feet 4 inches, was raised by Paul Davis to 5 feet 4½ inches. Edgar Phillips did remarkable work in reducing the record for the 220 yard run from 23 3/5 seconds to 23½ seconds.

Individual honors were taken by Edgar Phillips, '11, with 15 points, Gustavus Phillips, '11, with 10 points, and Paul Davis, '11, with 8 points.

SUMMARY

Event.	Records.	First.	Second.	Third.
100 yd.	12 sec.	E. Phillips '11.	Snyder '11	Fisher '11
220 yd.	23½ sec.	E. Phillips '11.	Fisher '11	Howells '12
440 yd.	56 3/5 sec.	Oliver '13	P. Davis '11	Howells '12
880 yd.	2 min. 14 sec.	G. Phillips '11.	Doll '12	R.Heinzen'11
Mile Run	5 min. 8 sec.	G. Phillips '11.	A. Young '11.	Taylor '13
880 yd. Relay	1 min. 45 sec.	Seniors	Juniors	Sophomores
220 yd. Low Hurdles	30 sec.	Tyson '11	Goodin '12	
Shot Put	34 ft. 5 in.	Black '12	Ewart '11	Rippeth '11
High Jump	5 ft. 4½ in.	Davis '11	Davis '12	Schnake '11
Pole Vault	8 ft. 2 in.	Saylor '11	Wenrick '11	Snyder '11
Running Broad Jump	18 ft. 3½ in.	E. Phillips '11.	Oliver '13	Fisher '11

Indoor Track Team

Again Canton High can be proud of the team which represented her at the third annual Indoor Athletic Meet. This affair managed and financed by the Y. M. C. A., drew a large crowd, as it had in former years, and as our boys came out upon the track, they were greeted by cheer after cheer, which nerved them for the trial.

The teams arrayed against us had not been underrated and from start to finish it was anyone's race. Snyder, '11, first runner, took a lead of a few feet and held it; Heilman, '12, second runner, gained slightly and Walters, '12, held his own; Phillips, '11, captain, then finished the race in a very creditable manner.

This is the third consecutive time C. H. S. has won this event against such schools as University School of Cleveland, Massillon H. S. and Wooster H. S. and, as before, the members of the team each received a medal in addition to the cup which was presented to the school.

Snyder also succeeded in winning the 440 yard-run with Barrett, U. S., and Heilman a close second and third.

MONKEY SHINES
JOKES
SENIOR BANK
Carl Foberdier

Scandal for the Joker

Illumination

Meyer: "The pendulum runs faster in winter than in summer because it is trying to keep warm."

Meyer: "Animals have two ears so things can go in one ear and out of the other."

Shutt: "Can anybody give a diminutive in 'let'?"

Ellis: "Hazlett—Little Hazel, Chicklet—Little Chick."

Pottorf: "Is there anything sweeter than sugar?"

McKimmey: "Yes, you will encounter such things when you have become more experienced."

Meyer: "What is the voltage of this dynamo?"

Rippeth: "Three kilowatts."

Meyer: "If interference continues long enough the darkness becomes visible."

Prof. Meyer: "What is chromatic aberration?"

Guy Faddis: "Isn't it when you look at the stars through a microscope and you see a red spot with a blue ring around it and is fuzzy at the edges?"

Prof. Meyer: "Why is the image that passes through a hole in the shutter indistinct?"

Bowman: "The beams converge together and become confused when they cross each other."

Prof. Meyer: "Any two colors, or number of colors, which combine to form white are called complimentary, such as blue and yellow. Helen, can you give a practical example?"

Helen: "Yes, blueing is used to make yellow clothes look white."

Senior: "Did Dame Fortune ever smile on you?"

Freshman: " Yes, she looked at me once and just snickered."

English as She is Spoke

Prof. Shutt: "She soused him down."

Prof. Shutt: "If that gang in there don't quit guying around I'll fire 'em out."

Prof. Shutt: "I get out of fix with such people."

McFarren: "That there juice will not run that there motor."

Fisher (in organic chemistry): "What is that hypocurly (hypocloric) stuff?"

Philosophy

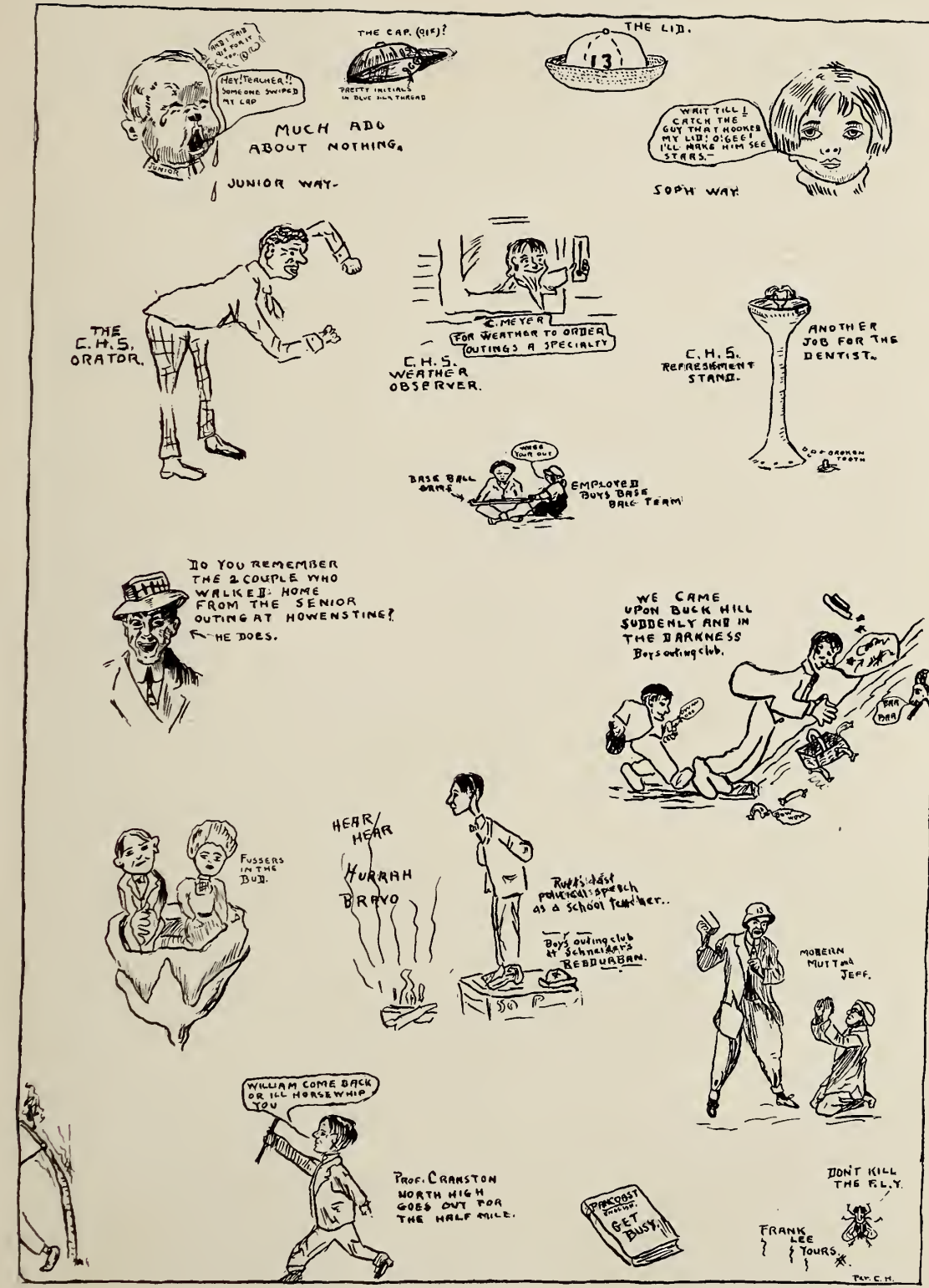
The newsboy, looking upon the palatial dwelling of the millionaire envies him his wealth; the rich man, contemplating the joys of the care-free street urchin, envies him his happiness, but the Senior in the consideration of his younger brother, the Junior, finds self-satisfaction and contentment.

Think twice before you answer and by that time the paper will be called in and you will get a big "goose egg."

Take care of the "six weeks" and the finals will take care of themselves.

"Make hay while the sun shines" means to leave all your studying until the next morning.

It's a long lane that has no poolroom.


MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
JUNIOR WAY.
HEY! TEACHER!! SOMEONE SWIPED MY CAP
THE CAP. (IF)?
PRETTY INITIALS IN BLUE SILK THREAD
THE LID.
13
WAIT TILL I CATCH THE GUY THAT HOOKED MY LID! O! GEE! I'LL MAKE HIM SEE STARS.
SOPH WAY.
THE C. H. S. ORATOR.
C. H. S. WEATHER OBSERVER.
C. MEYER
FOR WEATHER TO ORDER OUTINGS A SPECIALTY
C. H. S. REFRESHMENT STAND.
ANOTHER JOB FOR THE DENTIST.
A BROKEN TOOTH
WHERE YOUR OUT
BASE BALL BATS
EMPLOYED BOYS BASE BALL TEAM
DO YOU REMEMBER THE 2 COUPLE WHO WALKED HOME FROM THE SENIOR OUTING AT HOWENSTINE?
HE DOES.
WE CAME UPON BUCK HILL SUDDENLY AND IN THE DARKNESS
Boys outing club.
CRASH
BANG
FUSSERS IN THE BUD.
HEAR HEAR
HURRAH
BRAVO
Rutt's last political speech as a school teacher..
Boys outing club at Schneider's REDBURBAN.
MODERN MUTT and JEFF.
WILLIAM COME BACK OR ILL HORSEWHIP YOU
PROF. CRANSTON NORTH HIGH GOES OUT FOR THE HALF MILE.
PEACOCK
GET BUSY.
DONT KILL THE F.L.Y.
FRANK LEE
YOURS.

People who make love in glass houses should keep an eye on the shades.

Would that wild oats could be predigested.

You can take a pony to exams—and a great many do.

A note-book is a note-book, tho' there is nothing in it.

If you cannot appreciate this book it is because it is too deep.

The negative mustache was an improvement, Mr. Pottorf.

In court it is no longer a question of "Guilty or not guilty," but of "Ruff or not Ruff."

We had not studied Burke in vain. Conciliation with the faculty was found possible.

"If"

If Esther should jump in the lake would Harrison "Fisher"? (Scald this joke's whiskers with beef-tea.)

If all the doors in the H. S. were open how many would Henry Morton "Shutt"? (Prussic acid for the rummey who cracked this raw one.)

If the Seniors should become pad-makers at what rate could Edgar "Phillips"? (Fill lips.) (Open the windows and let the smoke out.)

If Sophie would blow up a toy balloon would Joe "Rippeth"? (Drop a sledge on this author's beak.)

If a high school teacher is forty years old is Austin Young? (Get the stretcher ready.)

If Oscar's noodle is made of sawdust, is Ralph's Sterling? (Tar and feather that guy's epidermis.)

If you could buy a rake for a dollar, would a "Ho be dier"? (Get the hook for the cooker of this stew.)

If Herman had a toy boat, would Hicks "Saylor"? (Rock his dome with a feather duster.)

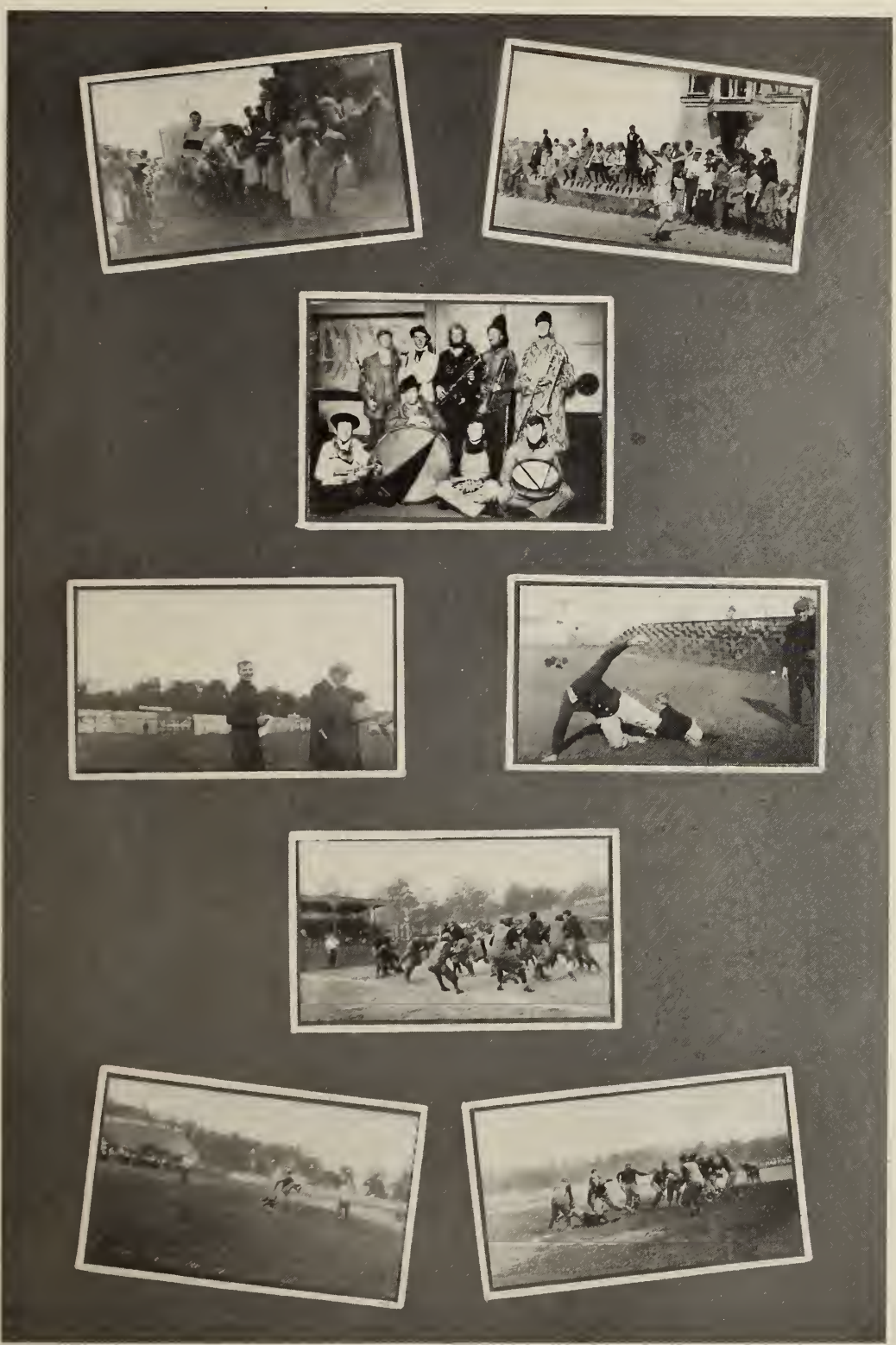
If the faculty should start a fight with the Seniors would we need any Roy "Sheils"? (Released by pity.)

Fehling solution might be a test for sugar, but it does not discover anything sweet in June.

In the realm of Hydrocarbons will occur the marriage of Ethel Lean (Ethylene C_2H_4) and Ben Zean (Benzine C_6H_6) both possessing a very violent character.

Their is assert ten scene yore who wares shore to rouse hers. Won a loan still lad hearing to the buoy full tracked. I am one daring weather heel Don close in accord ants wither air mined. Mae be these mite bee Toulouse oar Toulon. This spar tickler purse on sum Watt oven artist, like Murillo, Sebastian, Rembrandt, dear riding the weeds of the plane man, is Dee sting wished from us bye them. Eve are big girth an many Ginn day change wood be apiery she ate it. Fifty purr scent of the June yore mob mite beak lad thus butt let sure next pare be long hers.

Now when those fussers begin to curse and swear,
Because their pictures are found over there.
Don't listen to them. Let me tell you why,
With "two bits" each, the privilege they did buy.



There's a good old Professor, Herr Meyer,
Of whose jokes we never can tire;
He cracks them with ease,
In a way that can please,
As physics gets dryer and dryer.

Our English professor, H. Shutt,
To amuse us will often act up;
But whenever it rains
We discover great brains
Concealed in that gentleman's cup.

J. G. L. is our good Math professor,
And you bet he is some sporty dresser;
With neckties quite gay,
And not one hair astray,
Why, he cannot help but impress her.

There's Silver who teaches us Trig
And he surely makes all of us dig;
If we miss just one log,
We are left in the bog,
For with Silver we dare not renig.

A great financier is our Rankin,
For he does 'most all of our bankin';
When he runs into debt,
He will just fret and fret
And threaten his Sophs with a spankin'.

Fierce
Attractive
Clever
Useless
Lovely
Turbulent
Young

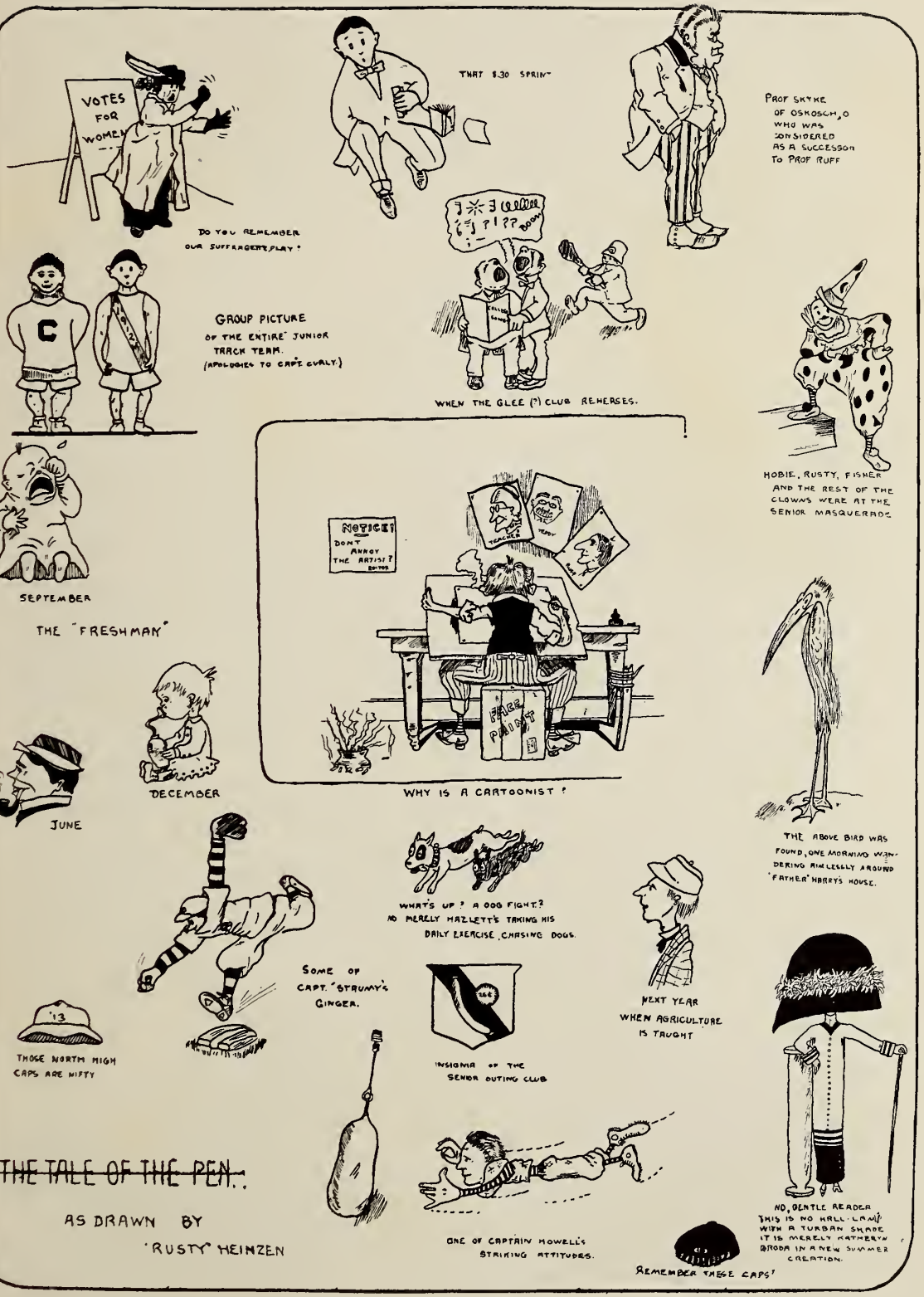
Fresh
Ridiculous
Erratic
Simple
Helpless
Measly
Ephemeral
New

Silly
Opinionated
Philosophical
Heedless
Ornamental
Mulish
Ostensible
Retrogressive
Entertaining
Superficial

Juvenile
Uncultured
Nefarious
Ignorant
Obdurate
Ruinous
Splenetic

Sensible
Enterprising
Noble
Intelligent
Orderly
Reasonable
Sagacious

Many jokes there are which our teachers daily crack, which if you would laugh at consult the last twenty editions of the class book. You will find them in them all.


VOTES FOR WOMEN
DO YOU REMEMBER OUR SUFFRAGETTE PLAY?
THAT $.30 SPRINT
PROF SKYKE OF OSHKOSH, O WHO WAS CONSIDERED AS A SUCCESSOR TO PROF RUFF
GROUP PICTURE OF THE ENTIRE JUNIOR TRACK TEAM. (APOLOGIES TO CAPT CURLY)
WHEN THE GLEE (?) CLUB REHEARSES.
HOBIE, RUSTY, FISHER AND THE REST OF THE CLOWNS WERE AT THE SENIOR MASQUERADE
SEPTEMBER
THE "FRESHMAN"
NOTICE! DONT ANNOY THE ARTIST? EDITOR
FAKE PAINT
WHY IS A CARTOONIST?
DECEMBER
JUNE
THE ABOVE BIRD WAS FOUND, ONE MORNING WANDERING AIMLESSLY AROUND "FATHER" HARRY'S HOUSE.
WHAT'S UP? A DOG FIGHT? NO MERELY MAZLETT'S TAKING HIS DAILY EXERCISE, CHASING DOGS.
SOME OF CAPT. "STRUMY'S GINGER.
NEXT YEAR WHEN AGRICULTURE IS TAUGHT
'13
THOSE NORTH HIGH CAPS ARE NIFTY
INSIGNIA OF THE SENIOR OUTING CLUB
NO, GENTLE READER THIS IS NO HALL LAMP WITH A TURBAN SHADE IT IS MERELY HATHERYN RHODA IN A NEW SUMMER CREATION.
ONE OF CAPTAIN HOWELL'S STRIKING ATTITUDES.
REMEMBER THESE CAPS?
~~THE TALE OF THE PEN.~~
AS DRAWN BY
'RUSTY' HEINZEN

To all who unselfish sacrifice make,
That the glory of the old school may stand,
A goblet of pure red wine let us take
And drink deep the fruits of the land.

We will drink to the gridiron heroes,
To the fellows who played real football,
Who would have defeated all opposition,
Had they not been so very small.

And then to the basketball tossers,
The lithe, active men with the "pep,"
Who played hard and played well together,
And for spirit gained quite a "rep."

To the fellows who brightened the diamond,
With plays both brilliant and fast,
To our track team which plainly showed us,
That good records by good men are passed.

To the players who entertained us,
To our worthy President,
To class officers and committees,
Who saw that our money was spent.

To our faculty, once more we will drink,
That their few remaining years may be long,
That their days may be days of gladness,
And their hearts' true expression, a song.

And last to the hard-working staff
That endeavored to make you all laugh,
Had there been more Celtic than Teutonic in their veins,
You'd have seen more nonsense, though not so much brains.

To such as do naught for C. H. S.
Or are deaf to their fellowmen's call,
Let us drink a glass of H_2O
Diluted with—nothing-at-all!

So here's to the grinds, who develop their minds,
And get all kinds of grades;
Here's hoping that they in some future day
Will brighten up Erebus' shades!

And here's to the chronic fusser,
Who goes out with her every night;
The fellow who later will "cuss" her;
When she 'gins to assert her right.

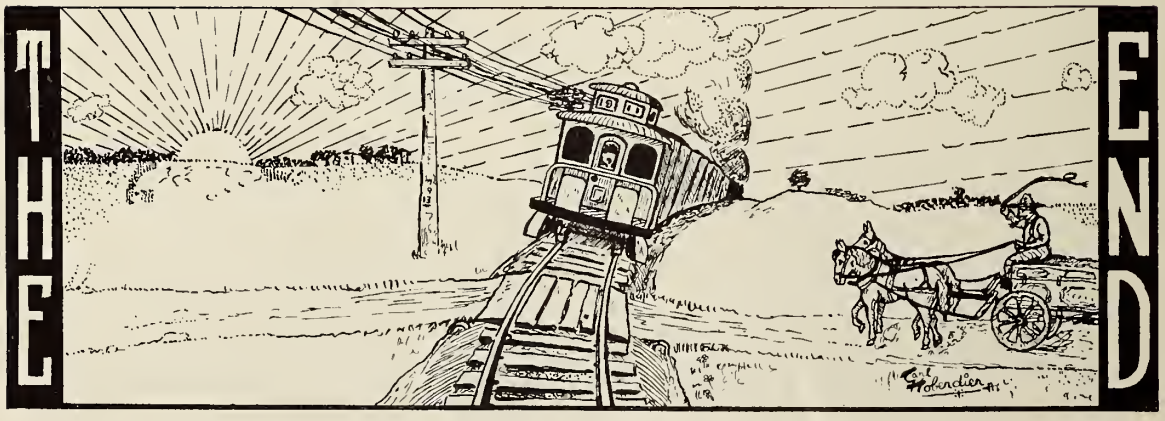
Here's to those dear little Freshmen so green,
The cutest little things that e'er have been seen,
May they work hard and grow,
And the first thing they know,
They'll be the Seniors of whom they now dream.

Here's to Hazlett and his soldier band,
In times of peace defenders of the land,
In times of war, alas, in times of war,
A band that was, but a band no more.

And now that last draught with microbes en masse,
We down to that weak-minded Junior class;
Nineteen-eleven's proud fame,
They can never attain,
Yet we fondly hope, from the Junior they'll pass.

The volume of our high school life
Is closed. Across the final page
Is written, sorrowfully, "The End."
Oh, not in vain and useless dreams
Of things now past, n'er to return,
But in bright hopes and earnest, high
Ambitions may our time be spent!
For graduation night is but
The closing of an epic short—
'Tis even more, the pistol crack,
The starting signal in life's race.
Years after years before us stretch,
Awaiting the accomplishment
Of some true hearted worthy deed—
Attainment of some high ideal—
The nearer realization
Of universal love and peace.
Then, let across the final page
Of our completed high school life,
Be written, "The Beginning."

HELEN WILLIS, '11.



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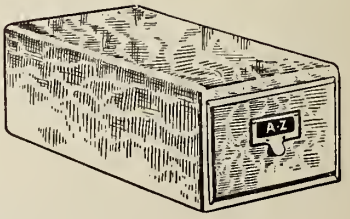

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